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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Roman Song of Triumph

AT THE VICTORY OF HORATIUS.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

A sound of harps rung wildly from the hills;
A burst of joy came pealing through the sky,
From the dense Forum up—of victory
It spoke; exulting leap a thousand rills,
Hastening to swell the Tiber's sweeping stream,
That roll'd its breast of waters shadowed o'er
With glittering banners flaunting on the shore,
In the last flashes of that sun, whose gleam
Fading, rejoiced that seven-hill'd Rome remained,
Still queen of earthly cities—still unchained;
Her screaming eagle's flight still fetterless,
Bearing to Alba's towers her banners; there
To wave above a nation's deep despair,
Whose dreams of proudest wake in wretchedness.

Now swelling tones are rolling sweetly clear,
Through the long aisles of Rome's high capitol,
Where minstrel-maidens, blending all the soul
Of music's softness, their wild lyres have strung,
Glory's bright chaplet weaving for the young
Intrepid warrior, home-returning now—
Victory's lightning gleaming round his spear—
And bright-wreathed fillets shining o'er his brow;
Spoil-laden he approaches; tree, and tower,
And hill, and stream awaking as he comes,
And priests and maidens, from their loftiest domes,
And round their fairest shrines, in that glad hour,
Before Heaven's gates Rome's joyous anthems pour,
For victory is his, and he is Rome's.

Joy, joy to Rome!
Weave, maidens! weave a chaplet for the brow
Of youthful valor; bid your sunniest smiles
Play round those soft, dark eyes—transport now,
And let each voice, through the long pillar'd aisles,
Swell'd with the song of triumph deeply come,
Bearing upon its tide "joy, joy to Rome!"

Joy, joy to Rome!
Now has her infant eagle's heavenward flight
Reach'd a proud eminence; a beam divine
Has bathed its plumage with its gladsome light,
Ne'er may its glowing radiance know decline,
'Till earth's most distant monarchs suppliant come,
Bending before the imperial throne of Rome!

Joy, joy to Rome!
Yonder he comes, the patriotic brave,
Whose falchion sway'd the destiny of Rome,
Whose arm upreared her flag, and bid it wave
Proudly triumphant o'er the Alban's dome,
Beneath which, tones of joy no longer rise,
Nor peans swell along its galleries.

Joy, joy to Rome!
High o'er her seven-hill'd pride is now unfurled
Her streaming banner to the light breeze flung,
And, lowering darkness from the horizon curled,
A wreathy beam of gladsome light is hung
Around, and bathes in splendor Jove's high dome,
As if approving, Heaven pealed "joy to Rome."

Philadelphia, November, 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The Blind Warrior.*

'Tis morn o'er Crecy's battle fields—
Serenely breaks the radiant light,
O'er flashing swords and burnished shields
And hearts impatient for the fight.

Amid the brave allies of France
A form is marked above the rest,
Whose proud heart still for glory pants—
Three ostrich plumes are in his crest.

His bridle-reins inwrought with gold,
On either side are firmly tied
Unto the steeds of those who hold
A place of honor at his side.

It is the blind Bohemian king—
Who, that upon the field of fame,
Would seek for laurels still to fling
New lustre o'er his royal name.

His scattered locks are thin and white—
His brow is seamed with age and care—
Yet beats his heart more boldly light,
Than many a youthful warrior there.

Now England's hostile troops advance,
And in a brave and broad array,
Charge on the fated lines of France,
And all is bloodshed and dismay.

Still where the battle's raging might,
Its dark and direst form assumes—
There, in the thickest of the fight
Are seen those waving ostrich plumes.

* * * * * *

'T was morning o'er the battle-plain—
Slowly the rosy dawn reveal'd
Crowds of the dying and the slain,
Whose forms were weltering on the field

'Mid dead and dying, side by side—
Three noble chargers meekly stood,
Their braided reins together tied—
Wet with their gallant rider's blood

Who wrapped in death's undreaming rest,
Lay, cold and gory at their feet—
The warrior-monarch's well-known crest,
Down in the dust defaced and beat.

* At the battle of Crecy the kings of Majorca and Bohemia were left dead upon the field. The fate of the latter was remarkable. He was blind from age; but being resolved to hazard his person for an example, he ordered that the reins of his bridle should be tied on the outside to the horses of the gentlemen of his train, from which arrangement, his dead body and the bodies of his attendants, were afterwards found together with their horses standing by them. His crest was three ostrich feathers and his motto these German words: Ich dien. (I serve)"—*History of England.*

Philadelphia, 1841. S. L. L.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Mary Clinton;

Or, Trials Abroad.

BY R. O. SULLIVAN.

Among the passengers of the New York packet ship "the Eagle," who toward the close of the month of September of 1838, were landing at one of the London Docks, was a young man apparently about five and twenty, accompanied by his sister, a beautiful girl, some seven or eight years his junior. Their father, a gentleman of extensive property had, not very long previously, died in Baltimore, the city of their nativity, leaving them orphans, and, it might be said, alone in the world, for he having met the displeasure of his family for disavowing their faith, had emigrated from France to the United States, and since then had had no communication with his relations. That dread disease which casts its most destructive shade upon our country, had caused the voyage of Charles Clinton and the lovely Mary, for the former during the past few months had been rapidly sinking into the grave from the attacks of a consumption. In the mild air of Devonshire or of the Isle of White it had been determined he should pass that season the bitterness of which in his own land would have brought with it an unavoidable and immediate departure to another life. The day of their arrival was damp and gloomy—a thick fog suspended over, and in the crowded streets of the Great Metropolis, concealing every thing from sight beyond the circuit of a few yards. As the vessel was drawn into the dark, strange indeed was the effect produced by the contending voices of the watermen issuing out of the dense mist, overhanging the water on the one side, and the heavy hum of voices innumerable proceeding from the vast city whose neighborhood was only thus announced, on the other.

Our friends having kindly parted with their fellow voyagers drove immediately to one of the Hotels in St. James' street, where poor Charles, weakened to the last degree of human sufferance with the fatigue and sickness of the voyage, was soon extended on a bed, by the side of which his affectionate sister anxiously watched, whilst he sought refreshment in a few hours rest. The next morning found him rather losing than gaining strength, and seriously alarmed, for she had never seen him so far reduced in illness before, Mary made inquiries with regard to lodgings where she could quietly nurse him until he should be sufficiently recruited to remove with safety to Ryde, Cowes, or some of the verdant valleys which flourish under the mild atmosphere of Devon. Upon application at the house of a widow, of whom she had been informed, she was enabled to procure rooms; thither she carefully transported her charge, and they became comfortably ensconced in chambers overlooking White Hall nearly opposite the famous Horse Guards. Cheerfully did she prosecute her undertaking with the direction of one of the most reputed physicians of the place, and depriving herself of air and exercise she sat by her patient's couch, reading to and talking with him, encouraging him with bright smiles of hope and affection, and never allowing a shade of sorrow to appear upon her brow, with whatever sadness her heart might be frequently oppressed. Hers was a sanguine temperament, and the flutterings of the disease with which she had to deal gave constant encouragement to her anticipation of her brother's rescue.

Her wishes eagerly construed the flush upon his cheek into a sign of recovery, and when one day he would be able to rise and seat himself by the window to note the varying scenes below, she would fondly conceive him to be so much better, that although the next day in vain he would endeavor to arise, her eyes would be completely blinded to his real danger. The whole of the winter passed by in this manner—he being too weak to be taken from the city. As spring commenced its course, he was so far fallen in disability, as to make his near dissolution evident to even the hopeful Mary Clinton. It was useless for her to endeavor to throw off the painful fact from her conviction that he was on the verge of the tomb—and he too, though he cautiously hid his feelings from her, felt well aware of his approaching end.

At length the curtain dropped upon his life—Mary was left alone, pressed to the earth by grief, and without one friend to whom for assistance, support or consolation she could apply. But her loneliness was not the only evil with which she had to contend. Pecuniary embarrassments drew their net of difficulties, distress, and mortification around her. Charles had not had any necessity to write to his banker in Baltimore; for the supply of that one thing needful they had brought with them had amply sufficed until now,—but after the expenses of the mournful interment had been paid, she had little more than enough to discharge the bill of her landlady. However she immediately despatched to the firm in which her father's funds had been invested a letter: this was placed in the hands of a servant, who for the paltry consideration of the postage, destroyed the epistle and thus entailed upon her miseries we shall have to recount. She permitted two months to elapse, during which time she had been fortunately able to punctually meet the account every Saturday night presented, and she waited patiently during this time confidently expecting a response in due season, but no answer arrived. She wrote again, and again the same misfortune mischanced her letter. Here she was situated in the midst of crowds without one friend, far from her home, and unfurnished with what may always attract a host of obsequious servers, but an absence of which invariably drives off every attention and kindness in this selfish world. The dreaded Saturday night came without any thing to discharge the bill so regularly then given in. A low tap at the room door announced Mrs. Blackley, and she was asked to enter. This person was a widow of long standing, though she still retained the tight fitting cap, and the sable garments of mourning, not so much, probably, for the sake of her deceased husband, as for the economy of the attire,—a subject of serious consideration to one of her saving and close character. The cap was dark with age and dirt, and what little of the wig was manifested beneath it was brown and dusty,—the bonnet was rusty with years,—the bosom and front part of the skirt of her venerable dress were stained by grease, and altogether she looked but little like the owner of the neat and nice house in which Mary had taken abode. The mistress herself did not reside in the establishment, the rooms being let out entirely to lodgers. She therefore was never seen except upon Saturday night.

A servile smile was upon her face as she came courtseying in, saying as she stood retiringly near the door, in a strong Yorkshire dialect.

"Please, Miss, this is Saturday hevening, and if it be hagreeable to ye, I should loike the two pund and a 'alf."

"Take a seat Mrs. Blackely," coughed Miss Clinton.

"Thenk ye, no," returned the old woman, "it wouldn't do for the loikes of me to sit, thank ye."

"Well," said Mary, screwing up her courage to say the truth, "I am not able to pay for this weeks lodgings now, but I hope next Saturday to do so."

Mrs. Blackley's deference seemed to yield at this announcement, as she deliberately drew a chair up toward where the lady was seated and occupied it.

"So ye'll not gie me the money this day; and why not?"

"Because," said Mary hastily, "I have not got it, or I should give it you willingly, gladly."

"Ye haven't got it!" returned the crone, "I'm sorry at that. 'Ow dost think I can live if you don't give me my money?"

Mary was surprised at the change from the inferior and humble tone in which the woman had been in the habit of addressing her, to the impudence of manner now assumed.

"You cannot be inconvenienced by waiting a short week, Madam, for your payment."

"Cant be hinconvenienced! Yes I can though, and I must have my money."

"But I have none to give you," returned Mary—"next week, however, I shall get some no doubt, and I then shall pay you up, and take my departure for my own country."

"Well, I suppose I must stay until then," grumbled the landlady. "But moind ye, I can't wait more than another week."

No reply was made, and the old woman walked off without her usual cringing bow—shutting the door hard behind her.

Poor Mary felt her position very mortifying—and burdened with this, in addition to her many other sorrows, she leaned her face upon her small, delicate hands and sobbed bitterly,—alas, how painful was her situation! A hard fate did she suffer without one connexion, one friendly acquaintance within three thousand miles—without money—unaccustomed to the world,—unused to any personal misfortune. In her destitution of means she could not return home without placing herself under an obligation, rather than do which she would await answers to her letters at any sacrifice—indeed no one would have accepted a note drawn upon the firm in Baltimore, since she was an entire stranger, and such a service would have been a favor not only too great to be granted but even to be requested.

Another week revolved, she scarcely having stirred out of the house the while, and again came the landlady for her rent. That morning the restorateur had likewise sent in his account, but was content to be put off for a short time. No tap as usual preceded Mrs. Blackley's entrance. She opened the door as Mary was sitting looking listlessly out of the window upon the crowd hurrying onward in the street beneath her, and stepped directly up, taking a seat in front of the unhappy girl.

"I 'aven't got any time to hidle—so please gie me my foive pund."

"I am sorry to say," commenced Miss Clinton, blushing at being obliged to bear the insulting tone of the hag, "I am sorry to say, Mrs. Blackley, that I have not obtained the letter I have been for the last month expecting, and I can, therefore, give you nothing. I must nevertheless soon hear from my bankers, and you shall then be amply paid. My first communication may not have reached their hands, and it will, I dare say, should this be the case, be four or five weeks, before I shall have any response to my second one."

"Ond am I going to wait four or foive week, think ye? No! no! if you aven't got any money, ye must sell some of yer hornaments and get it. Cume, cume, ye must let me 'ave my rent by Monday noight, or this is no place for you."

"Yes, Madam," said Mary angrily. "Yes, Madam, I will go off. You shall not have me in this house after Monday. I would not stay another day if to-morrow were not Sunday, and I shall not then be able to dispose of any of those articles. But leave my presence now—leave my presence now."

The old wretch departed without saying a word more, and Mary was again in her sad solitude. She was a beautiful girl, with dark eyes and hair, an exquisitely formed mouth, pearly teeth, and a graceful figure. The very color which had illumined her cheeks, had, by her watchings, her sorrow and her mortification disappeared; they had lost, too, their pretty dimple—but her loveliness was not impaired.

On Monday morning she went to her dressing box which had been lying open when Mrs. Blackley was in the room last, and to which that individual had referred in the refined term "hornaments." She turned the pieces of jewellery over and over again, in vain endeavoring to select some one less valuable than the rest which she might part with at a pawn-brokers; but they were all associated with interesting circumstances or persons. That had been a gift from her dear father—this from her brother—and this from some one whom we hope to see before this narrative is concluded. Many and many a tear did she shed as she stood over the box, but at length closing her eyes she seized the first upon which her hand fell, and shutting the lid down darted off with the trinket.

It was no difficult matter to find one of those places where poverty and wretchedness resort to be cheated and deceived by cold, miserly usurious pawn-brokers; the sign of the gilt ball's may readily be found—it starts from every corner, but Miss Clinton wandered off to some distance lest her steps might be traced—she carefully kept down her veil, and wended her way among the crowd as quickly as her feeble strength would permit. She at length turned up into a court at the head of which she perceived a shop of the kind wanted, and there entered. It was a long, dark place filled with all manner of things—pieces of furniture ancient and modern,—old clothes,—sets of china,—handkerchiefs innumerable, (half of which were of course filched from pockets)—statues, paintings, books, vases, clocks—almost every thing, in short, possible to conceive. Behind the counter stood a little, misshapen man; a quantity of black, coarse hair fell partly over his oily, olive skin, and partly down upon the collar of his coat—his eyes were sunken in his head, but were large, full and dark. His mouth was drawn up into a small compass with a general sneer expressing cunning and craft—his chin receded suddenly into a dirty stock ungraced by a collar—and his nose first projecting far from his face then rounded off to within an unusually short distance of his upper lip. There was a sailor in the shop, who having just disposed of something or another was receiving with great demonstration of joy his money. Mary stood by the counter as the trifling sum was being counted out.

"Hurrah!" cried the tar, taking up the silver and shaking it in his fist—"d'ye hear that chinking darlin?" said he with an Irish brogue, "give me a swate kiss of your lips and I'll want nothing more to make me happy."

Frightened at these rough advances she turned to the door, which, however, Mr. Samuel Soloman was not disposed she should pass without having first struck a bargain. He accordingly sprang over his counter and soon got the noisy seaman out. Expeditiously retaking his former position by the same agile means he stood smiling as complaisantly as his countenance would allow. He waited in this manner until Mary having fumbled in her reticule brought forth a heavy chain of gold, connected together at several places by clasps, each brilliant with a diamond.

He took it in his filthy hands, and turning it over and examining it on all sides began,

"Dish isha't goldt: itsh too bright."

"Yes it is," interrupted our heroine, "look at it carefully."

The little creature turned it over again—held it first up into the light, next down into the dark—and finally declared,

"Yesh, I believe it ish. Vell, I'll give you a goodt deal—I'll give you four poundsh."

"Four pounds!" exclaimed Miss Clinton; "why, sir, every one of those diamonds, and there are four of them, is worth four pounds and more."

"Diamondsh!" laughed the pawn-broker, in a sharp, shrill voice. "Diamondsh! dey an't diamondsh; dey're glassh. No, no, I'll give you four poundsh."

"Yes they are true and good brilliants," said the poor girl almost bursting into tears in her novel and miserable situation; "look at them again, or give them back, I can go elsewhere."

He went to the window and peered around about and into them, seeming at length to come to the conclusion that she was right.

"Ah yesh," he replied, returning to his old standing, "sho dey ish. But day a'n't very goodt; dey be worth vun pound a piece, perhapsh a little more. Vell, vell, you sheem to vant de moneysh, and I'll give you ten poundsh for all—dat ish too much, but I'll give it to you."

Mary was near falling to the ground; she had stood the scene so long, restraining her feelings by such a powerful effort, that her nature could hardly support the pain; she drew her veil down close and yielded to silent tears, as, scarcely knowing what she said, she murmured "well."

"Vell," cried the man, "done," and he quickly snatched up the chain from the counter, where it had been lying, placing it in a small drawer under lock and key.

The money was soon given out, and Mary putting it into her bag, went hurriedly off. Pushed and shoved by the restless crowd which thronged the streets, she had nearly fainted several times ere she reached her room, there casting herself upon the bed she gave way to her tumultuous sorrow. All the wretched circumstances of her condition passed in full review before her—her heart beat as though it would break its bounds—she clasped her hands convulsively in grief—buried her face in her pillow, and there remained sobbing wildly until the Horse Guard Clock striking twelve, aroused her. Starting up she looked about upon the state of confusion in which her room was, and bethought herself of the difficulty and trouble she should have in packing up her various things so that she might leave the house that evening.

"No," determined she, "not one moment will I remain where this heartless woman is longer than I can help; if I wear out my very existence in the labor of removing."

She set about her task actively, and with only the rest of a quarter of an hour for a hasty dinner, she was busily engaged until four o'clock, by which time her drawers, closets and tables were cleared, and she was prepared to start. Ringing the bell, the servant who answered was ordered to immediately go round and tell Mrs. Blackley to come to her, and upon his return to bring a hackney coach with him. She waited impatiently the appearance of the old woman who looked surprised at the preparations for departure, approached rather more respectfully than she had done before, and looked as grievously as she could.

"Why, Miss, you're already I see. Well, I'm sorry ye should 'ave hexpedited yerself so much."

"Never mind Madam," said Mary, "never mind Mrs. Blackley what I may have done. Tell me what I owe you so I may be away at once."

"Well, my dear Miss, you are a going then? I'm sorry indeed ye 'ave 'ad cause to be annoyed with yer lodgings; for my part, though I be the mistress of them, I'll say, and its true too, there his'nt any better ones to be found in all Lunnun. They're clean, and large, and well situated, I do not know where ye'll foind better ones."

"I do not dislike the lodgings, I should be contented enough to stay, but its your insufferable insolence which drives me off. Come Mrs. Blackley, I want no more words, so tell me what I owe you?"

"Why," said the old woman, again assuming her dogged air. "You owe me first for two weeks, that's foive pund—and then since ye 'ave commenced another that makes three weeks—ye owe me seven pund and a 'alf."

The money was placed immediately down, and the hackman who had been brought into the apartment was told to carry off the trunks, while Miss Clinton went to take her seat in the carriage. The old woman followed, and as though only talking to herself, spoke sufficiently loud for Mary to overhear these words—

"I halways thought these Yankee folks a unscrupulous set—hand I ha'nt a little glad to get rid of the pert choild. Yankees don't do for 'onest 'ouses."

"Where shall I drive, mam?" inquired the coachman, thrusting his red face into the window. She had not thought of where she should go, but determining to seek an inferior and cheaper portion of the town, asked him if he knew of any lodgings in the Strand. He thought a-while, during which process he rolled about his eyes in a most terrific manner, and upon answering in the affirmative, and being told to drive there, jumped upon the box and rattled away.

The hack stopped at a small house standing somewhat back from the busy, bustling, noisy thoroughfare above named, and Mary entering the low paling which enclosed a brick court leading to the steps, she walked up and knocking at the door, it was almost instantaneously opened by a diminutive woman precisely habited in garments of an antiquated cut. Mary asked if there was a room to let in the house.

"There is a happartment, mam, to let, and if you'll 'ave the goodness to follow me, I'll show it to you, mam."

This original looking person turned, without further parlance, upon her heel, and proceeded up stairs followed by Mary. The room had been vacated a few days previously, and having in consequence of the removal been cleaned and fixed, it was fortunately ready for a new entrance. Miss Singleton, for this was the name of the person of the establishment, threw wide open the door, retiring slightly after so doing, to permit the visitor to enter first.

"This, mam," said Miss Singleton, "is the happartment; and a hexceedingly agreeable one it its, mam,—very pleasant prospect, a good size and hecoonomical terms, mam."

An arrangement was soon concluded, so that forthwith the baggage was brought up and conveniently deposited. It was by this time pretty nearly dark, and we need hardly say our heroine was sadly fatigued:—a cup of tea having been procured as speedily as possible, she accordingly soon sought respite from the distracting headache her exertions and anxiety had occasioned, in sleep. Long in vain did she court the restoring health-dispensing spirit—her tumult of heart, her painful weakness of body, the incessant noises which the street sent forth—withheld slumber from her eyes.

Some three or four months had now elapsed since the death of her brother, and during that time how melancholy had been her condition! When their father left them alone in the world, they were bound together by stronger ties than commonly are found even in such near relationship, and now that her only stay, her only support in this world had been called from her companionship, now that she looked round her in every direction as if in the midst of some interminable desert, no words of ours could describe the misery with which the heart of that beautiful and amiable creature was oppressed. Her unhappiness was without one consolation—strangers surrounding her, no kind faces greeting her, no one near who cared about her. Nay, we are wrong in saying she had no source of consolation: she felt that inward exaltation of the peace which is beyond understanding, at having done her duty, at having watched over, ministered to her brother—at having soothed his departure with her smiles—at having tranquilized his dying moments, she felt, we say, that inward exaltation which supplied much of the defect of any exterior comforts.

As the clattering of wheels became less noisy in the street,—as the number of sounds became fewer and less distinct, repose threw its wing of protection over her,—and from the regularity of her breathing, the entire ease of the attitude into which she had fallen—one arm clasped round her half turned head, the other lying gently at her side, it was manifest that the ever merciful and ever mindful Providence, had at least temporarily driven care and trouble from her proximity.

One more month passed by, and Mary becoming habituated to her condition, a slight color commenced to regain its station on her cheeks. Miserable reflections indeed sometimes forced themselves forward, but aided by religion—calling the Philosophy and sound sense of her disposition into play, she leant upon the protection of the Almighty. And, confiding in his goodness, hope gave its aid, enabling her with contentment to await the arrival of an answer to the second letter. She was obliged occasionally to resort to the Pawnbroker, but did it though with a cheerful spirit, knowing the necessity of the case and accommodating herself with fortitude to it. Though she never lifted the thick veil from her countenance when abroad—her graceful figure and the sorrow which her walk expressed, frequently called down sympathetic observation from passers by,—and with those who, living in the vicinity, were in the habit of seeing her often, she gained the name of "the sad stranger."

The great St. Pauls rears its mighty bulk in the neighborhood in which she resided, and thither in the afternoon of each day she would repair to attend the impressive Cathedral service. The thrilling notes of the organ, and the sweet tones of the choristers as they mingled together in that magnificent music the Church of England has been wise enough to retain from the ceremonies of Rome, filled her soul with elevated sensations, brought her into a higher state of being,—for music only appealing to those elements of humanity which are disconnected from earth,—when it is directed to God,—the ideas expand, the chords of the heart vibrate in unison with it, and seem to send their harmony directly to his footstool.

She used often to sit at her window screened from external view, noting the countenances of those who walked along: how many faces came beneath her eye expressive of intense and gnawing grief; many appeared to be as much bowed down as herself; and in this way would she learn that trials and troubles are visited upon all, that no one is singular in distresses, that none escape their wearing influence, and that it is right consequently to bring every faculty to support the unavoidable grievance.

Miss Singleton was an odd person; a strange mixture of cant and scandal, of virtuous declarations and detractive conversation, whose companionship Mary frequently had, for since she was the only person with whom ever a word was more than casually passed, considerable intimacy had chanced to spring up betwixt them. At tea, more particularly than at other times, this tiny spinster would pay her visits, and as she was in the practice of coming at that hour, a seat and cup were generally provided for her accommodation.

"How do you do, mam?" asked that minute lady one evening as she entered Mary's room.

"Very well I thank you, Miss Singleton," was the return; "pray take a seat; I am just about having my tea and shall be happy with your assistance in it."

"Much hobliged to you, mam," said the former drawing her chair to the table. "A hextraordinary charming day this has been. I took a walk not long ago, and the hair felt delightful, mam. Indeed Miss Clinton you should just take a good turn hevery afternoon; it would give you a amazing degree of benefit."

"Yes, but Miss Singleton, as I have often told you before, where can I to exercise! The streets are all so filled with people, hurrying, almost running along, that one cannot walk with any degree of comfort. The Parks you know are a couple of miles off."

"Oh, mam, you'd soon get to go through the crowd without any hinconvenience; only try it, that's all. I am sure it's more pleasant to be in a crowd like that than to slink off into corners by oneself. It is so hexquisite a sight to them as love God and his 'andiworks to see such a many people a going so hactively into their business, instead of loitering about doing nothing, mam; it's a blessed hage this we live in: the pure light of gospel truth is a turning of darkness into day. As Mr. Slashem was hobserving, no longer ago than last Sunday, and I'll give you his own hexpression, mam, hexactly, 'this is the hage to preach the Gospel unto the 'Eathen with steam presses and steam boats—to colonize benighted lands with rail-roads and canals.' Oh, mam, it would do your heart good to hear that hadmirable preacher hold fort; he has got the gift of words—he knows hall about horatory. He's not a Hoxford Divine, nor a Dissenter nor any other kind of misbelievers—no, but he's a true Hevangelical Clergyman of the Church, mam, of Hengland and Hirland."

"I have no doubt of his being an excellent man," said Mary, "but I have seen a great deal in the paper you're kind enough to lend me every day, about Mr. Johnston; how do you like him?"

"Mr. Johnston, indeed!" said the other, "he indeed! Why I wouldn't approach the portals of his church, mam, not if they'd give me the very best pew in it, mam. Mrs. Smith goes there, and I often feel myself bound to tell her that she is rushing into the harms of death by 'arkening to his discourse. He's a 'andsome man, to be sure, but what has that to do with hinstructing the people in holy writ? And I'll tell you what, mam, I'm afraid Mrs. Smith goes because he is a 'andsome man. Her 'usband is as hugly a piece as ever you set your peepers upon, and she never speaks of Mr. Johnston without mentioning of his pretty eyes. Oh lad, this is a sinful world, mam!"

Miss Singleton spoke in a peculiarly shrill pitch of voice and with much energy, but so far from their being proportionate animation upon her face, nothing was depicted there but one unvarying, rigid, stony stolidity; but for the opening and shutting of her lips no one would suppose the sharp, rapid words to proceed from her. When she chanced not to be speaking, and it was generally a chance if she was not—as she sat upon the edge of her chair moving neither limb nor muscle, the question might arise in the spectators mind whether the form before him was of air or actually endowed with life and being. These queerities afforded Mary invariable amusement; and Miss Singleton would rattle on from one subject to another with astonishing continuity and volubility to a patient and attentive auditor; the only thing she wanted was to talk from the sun's rising to his going down.

Upon this occasion, however, Miss Clinton put a stop to the torrent of scandal which, as we have seen, was commencing to burst forth by asking her guest's opinion upon a matter now growing deeply interesting.

"Within the last four months," said she, "I have sent two letters to my friends in America, and strange to say, I have not as yet received any return. I do not know what to think of this, and am somewhat alarmed."

"This is a unfortunate matter," was the reply. "But as for my part, mam, I'm sure I can't conceive how the Post-office can go safe across that wide hocean. There are the 'igh waves and whales, and the sharks and them kind of things, about which I read when I went to school. I trust though," and we must do her the justice to say her countenance did have here the expression of an idea upon it. "I trust you have had no trouble from that cause?"

Mary did not directly reply to the interrogatory, but turned it off by wondering if they were regular at the London Post-office. Then it was for the first time, the thought assailed her that perhaps the man to whom her letter had been intrusted did not deposit it. She communicated her suspicions to the little lady.

"Oh dear, yes, mam," was the answer. "I dare say; you had best write again. There is such a many bad people in this world, that a person possessing any regard for Christianity almost sinks through the ground every day at the scenes of vice and wickedness. But never mind, for this will all before long be changed. The Millenium can't be far off that's certain, for Mr. Hashem said so, and he knows. 'For,' says he, 'although we are told we shan't know the day nor the hour, nevertheless it is no reason why we shouldn't be hable to calculate the year.' Charity, charity, mam, is the thing wanted. We all hought to cultivate meekness and forbearance and kindness and good fellowship. Heigh ho! Lord a' mercy on me, there's St. Paul's striking seven o'clock—so I must go—good night, mam, good night."

Mary, the more she considered the subject, the more she became persuaded the servant had not performed the important trust confided to him, and her belief almost amounted to conviction, when she remembered he had been subsequently dismissed from Mrs. Blackley's employ for various petty thefts and mischiefs.

She, therefore, immediately sat down and wrote again to the Baltimore Firm, determining with her own hands, to put the letter in the Post-office, which was not far from her place of abode, and to which it had constantly been in the habit of every other day going or sending with inquiries for herself. An answer to this her funds would enable her to wait, but if no answer came at the allotted time, she would cast herself in the last resort upon the protection of the American Minister or Consul.

We will not detail the events of her ordinary life. In one unvarying routine of sewing, reading, walking and thinking her days were passed,—and though this was but a negative sort of existence, she still found pleasure in it. Scarcely was there an anxiety to break the lonely spell, for so unlimited an opportunity was presented of nursing the holy grief cherished for her Brother, that, possessed of the means of leaving England, she might not have embraced them. She scarcely wished to revisit the scenes of her departed happiness. We, however, are perhaps doing injustice to that portion of her heart which attached itself to the memory of one with whom we trust it may be our fortune to be acquainted, and served as a strong chord drawing her in inclination back to the city of her education. She would wait until two months more had passed by before taking further steps.

Having skipped some two or three weeks of this space we are brought to where she again is necessitated to seek from the Pawnbroker where-withal to support herself.

It so chanced that her new lodgings were within but a very short distance of the court in which, as before mentioned, Mr. Samuel Soloman lived. Here she had been in the custom of repairing, and hitherward upon the occasion to which we refer, she bent her steps, carrying one of the various valuable articles she possessed. It was a beautiful diamond broach, and with pain had she brought herself to part with this gift of her father. The knight of the three Golden Balls refusing to give more than what was evidently a much too unworthy price, she left the place, returning home with the intention of trying somewhere else the succeeding day.

As soon as Mary had gone out, Mr. Soloman having shut and carefully bolted the door behind her, went to the after part of his store, removed a large chest from its position, and discovered by so doing a trap. This he immediately opened, and entering and closing the means of access, descended a flight of steps, or more properly speaking a ladder, following the direction pointed out by a light placed at the farther end of the cellar. Numerous boxes, broken pieces of furniture, and the indescribable offscourings of a pawn-brokers trade, were piled promiscuously around, and it was with some difficulty that, although the localities were pretty well known to him, he managed without prostration or any other misfortune than a slightly bruised shin, to reach the table upon which the lamp above mentioned was burning. A rude couch had near this spot been fixed up, and here the individual to whom certain articles of clothing, carelessly thrown upon the ground, or cast over the back of a chair, belonged, was lying doubled up in a most unnatural attitude, and giving forth from his nostrils sounds far from harmonious.

"You have had enough shleeps," said the former, after arousing the recumbent individual. "I wish a little talk with you, Dick."

"Do you? you Jewish dog," returned the other, rising, and setting on the edge of the bed, "can't you let me have any rest? I work hard enough, and yet you won't give me my sleep."

The worthy Samuel did not take any notice of the insulting air and language of his companion, but shutting one eye, whilst leering disgustingly through the other, said simply—

"She's been here agin, Dick."

"She has! and what did she bring you!"

"Oh, it vas de moosht splendidesht diamondth you ever sheen, sho bright, sho large it would have done you goodt to shee it: but I could not bye it, for I had only five poundth in de shop, and she would not take dat."

"Well, well," said Dick Bull, "I wish you had got it, but what made you come down and wake me up?"

"Vhy Dicky," replied Soloman, "dish being dinner time and de only time I can shpare from de shop, I want to tell you dat ve mushn't vait no longer. Ve must go out to-night—every ting ish ready, and dere'sh no use shopping."

"I'm agreed, old chap, if you know all about her."

"Oh, yesh," said the Jew, moving his head backward and forward affirmatively. "Oh, yesh, I followed her ven she was here lasht, and shee her go into de little house de other shide of de vay, and afterward I shee her looking out de front window in de shecond shtory."

"Very well, that'll do," said Dick, taking a drink of brandy out of a large flask which he drew from beneath his pillow. "Very well, Sammy, you prince of darkies: now let me sleep until it's time to go, and then I'll be willing enough."

Mr. Soloman patting his friend on the shoulder, and approvingly telling him he was the "charmingesht rashcal in London," withdrew, regained the upper air, shut the trap, moved the box over it, and was soon seated on his counter engaged in masticating some pieces of cold meat and potatoes, with a crust or two of bread, which the tin can he had brought that morning from his private residence in the fashionable Hog's lane, had contained.

Mary, usually late in retiring, upon this occasion was probably more so than in general, for an interesting book, a circulating library in the Strand had afforded, caused the time unnoted to slip by, and it was not before the deep voice of the Cathedral clock announced the twelfth hour, she shut up the absorbing pages to commence her preparations for bed. It was one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, one she had often read before, yet one in which her pleasure seemed increased by every new perusal: it was the Heart of Mid-Lothian. Unnumbered and innumerable thanks are due to this great writer, whose productions have eased how many an hour of sickness! have afforded how many an hour of happiness to old, to young, to all! how charming does virtue appear under his touch, and how revolting is the aspect presented by vice—how filled are his compositions with noble, manly, elevated sentiments, and yet how tender, how delicate may he sometimes be! With keen judgment and penetration into the characters of men, at the same time a Philanthropist—with intellect carefully refined and cultivated, yet capable of contending in the roughest encounters, he truly shines the first literary luminary of his day.

She was always in the habit of leaving a light burning in her apartment at night, and this fact had not escaped the sharp eyes of the honest Soloman, and his equally excellent friend, Dick Bull. Without extinguishing her candle, then, she knelt down to commend herself to the Fatherly protection. Here for a moment we leave her.

The same sound which induced Mary to shut her book, called forth the two companions we have just named from the court where the pawn-broker's shop was situated. They cautiously surveyed the street up and down—no one appeared, they listened attentively for the sound of some approaching footstep, but nothing broke the stillness in which the city lay. Having satisfied themselves upon this point, they sped quickly over to the other side of the street, entered the paling before spoken of, noiselessly forced with a chisel they had brought for that purpose, the alley gate open, and soon gained the back of the house. Their plan had been so well concerted, not a word dropped from either of them, and Soloman, who took the lead, having become acquainted with the place, conducted Dick down the steps to the door of the basement. The latter drew from his pocket a long steel instrument, hooked at the end, which by the nearly obscured light of a dark lanthorn, he thrust into the key-hole, and with two or three sudden wrenches in immediate succession, the rusty iron gave way. The burglars now paused to listen: all, however, was quiet, for that portion of the house being unoccupied at night, the turning of the lock had disturbed no one. Still there remained the chain, (in England is always attached to doors,) but this a slight application of the chisel directly unhasped, and a puff of wind at the moment coming that way, the entrance was as if by some invisible hand opened at once to them.

They entered, and re-closing the passage, stopped at the bottom of the stairs to take off their shoes. This finished, Soloman picked up the lanthorn he had meanwhile deposited on the floor, and as he did so their eyes met. Every precaution had been taken to disguise their persons; their faces they had painted black, and skull caps closely confined their hair. Samuel had adopted a long tattered frock coat, probably for the convenience of its spacious pockets—his pantaloons fitted tight to the skin, that no rustling sound might be made by his walking, and exceedingly thick woollen socks were on his feet. Dick was in a jacket; he had a high cravat wound round to hide completely the neck and lower part of his face, and in a belt strapped about his waist, there glittered a dagger—a similar weapon, no doubt, being concealed on the other's person.

"Ah," whispered the Jew, as he shook his little body in secret laughter, "you don't appear like yourself, Dicky."

"And you," returned the latter, in the same low way, grinning frightfully, so as to display a great set of strong dog-like teeth, and staring maliciously out of his protruded eyes, "and you are more the picture of the devil than ever."

No reply was made to this charming compliment; on the contrary, the object of it commenced ascending the first flight of stairs as lightly as possible, yet swiftly and without pausing until he had reached the top—Bull then came up in the same manner. They now were in the principal passage, and here their danger may be said to have begun. All our modern houses are built in exactly the like general style, so that a perfect stranger to an ordinary domicil can have but little difficulty in finding his way to any specified quarter of it, and the housebreakers know as well how to go to "de front apartment of de shecond shtory" as if they had been born, brought up and had ever resided in Miss Singleton's mansion. Whether it was that the inmates of this same mansion slept more soundly on this particular night than usual, or that we must attribute the fact to the skill of Soloman and Bull, certain it is no one had heard the slightest noise. First his eye and then his ear was placed to the key-hole of Miss Clinton's room, but neither sight nor sound did either of these organs meet. This was the time for the exercise of coolness and deliberation—they could have heard their hearts beat if they had had any. The Israelite stood back, and as his companion's face was turned toward him, he perceived an expression of doubt, yet of determination exhibited on the hideous countenance. They remained thus regarding each other for a few seconds.

Dick finally firmly grasped the knob, and with a steady hand turned it round. Inch by inch the door was pushed open, until a sufficient space had been made for him to survey the inward scene. Miss Clinton was still at her devotions, evidently having heard no sound of their entrance, her sleeves partly exposing to view the driven arms beneath, as they rested upon the cover of the bed, a support for her face. The ruffian stood hesitatingly, not knowing whether to advance directly into the room or to recede. Soloman had now become acquainted with the situation of affairs by looking beneath the arm of his advanced companion, and at once comprehending the difficulty in which they were, for it would be impossible to return without betraying themselves, stood on tiptoe to Bull's ear, and whispered in a voice so low as to pass no farther than the other's hearing.

"Shteal forward and shtop her mouth!"

Dick picked his steps slowly and softly over the carpet until he stood by the side of the kneeling and unsuspecting girl. At length arising from her supplications she, as she regained her feet, became aware of the presence of a man; no sound, however, could pass her lips ere his heavy and broad palm was pressed upon them.

"Now," said he, reassured at succeeding in the manoeuvre, speaking hoarsely under his breath, "now the coast is clear, so come in and cruise about while I hold her quiet."

Samuel stepped in quickly and instantly began his plunder. As this was going on, Mary, in vain endeavoring to bring assistance by her cries,—struggled violently in the villain's arms to escape and flee the apartment; the shuffling of her feet might easily have been heard by those below. Perceiving this, he suddenly exerted his strength and cast her on the couch still holding her mouth, but in consequence of the change of position, not so violently as before, so that she was enabled to let a faint cry escape.

"Ah," muttered he, again clutching her with the tenacity of a vice, and at the same time drew forth his dagger—"take this and keep your peace."

The poinard was descending to her bosom when Soloman who had witnessed the movement interposed his arm, breaking the force of the blow aimed and leaving her uninjured. She saw the weapon flash in the air, and, so quickly do the sight and thoughts act—observed upon the uplifted hand a ship vividly run with india-ink, after the fashion which principally attains among sailors: that was a moment of concentrated alarm—she tried to gain her free respiration, but uselessly, her eye-lids closed—her breathing ceased—her muscles stiffened in a swoon.

"What vore you about Dicky!" said Samuel, after his companion had released his hold and joined in the work of pillage.

"I was going to stab her," replied the wretch—"how were we to leave the room without putting an end to her? She would have screamed out the moment I took off my hand."

"Dick, Dick, you ish a boldt fellow, but you ish too hasty."

They soon had collected all the valuable moveables in the room, and retired as cautiously as they came—shut the doors behind them, and without observation, reached the pawn-broker's store.

"Dat vash neatly done," quoth the Jew chuckling—and they seated themselves to count over their spoils.

When Mary recovered, the dawn had already broke, and she heard the servants of the house were up. For some minutes every thing appeared strange to her, she wondered where she was, could not account for the indefinite feeling of fear which pervaded her, and it was not until she arose, had almost sunk upon the floor with weakness, and had perceived the confusion of her dressing table that the truth came to her assistance. Her first impulse was to call the domestics, and she was actually about to ring the bell, when her eyes fell on a piece of paper placed upon the bureau bearing these words in large, irregular letters. "GIVE NO INFORMATION AT YOUR PERIL!"

She hesitated, and many an anxious thought forcing itself upon her bewildered brain seated herself in a chair. A hasty examination showed that every thing valuable she had had was taken off—her purse, her jewelry, her watch—and she now positively was without money, and without the means of it in any way. She considered herself obligated as well by a natural sense of justice, as by the private consideration of gaining a recovery, to immediately set the engine of the law at work in the pursuit of the burglars, but the warning conveyed on the scrap of paper she had found, enforced as it was by the remembrance of the moment of intense fear she had passed through, when in the power of the thief, her life had seemed suspended by a mere hair, acted in some measure to deter her. Perhaps, however, depredations had been committed in other apartments, and she should be saved the necessity of information. As these conflicting thoughts occupied her mind, she completed her toilet expeditiously and had only just done when Miss Singleton entered.

This lady without uttering a word, sat down near the door, and not moving a muscle or permitting an expression to pass over her countenance, thus for some moments remained. At length the torrent burst forth in a voice, as we have before observed, an entire contradiction to her face.

"Oh, mam, we have had a most a terrible to do!"

"Indeed!" was the rejoinder, "what has disturbed you?"

"There has been thieves in the 'ouse, yes, thieves, mam. They came last night, and they broke hopen the halley way, and they got to the back door, and they picked the lock and they broke the chain, yes they did! Who would have thought these times so bad as they is! Oh, mam, when will the day come, 'when the wicked shall cease from troubling and the weary shall be at rest?'"

"This is indeed unfortunate," said Mary, "and have they done you much damage?"

"That, mam, is the strange part of it," replied the little lady; "not a thing has gone, everything is in its place. When Sally came and told me some person had been in the 'ouse, I got out of bed, ran down stairs, mam, and, such was my hengerness to see what had been done, that I am ashamed to tell you I forgot to put hany thing on, and who should I meet in the passage but Mr. Williams a going to take his morning walk, but I didn't think how I was dressed at all. Well, as I was a saying, I ran down stairs and went to my closet where I keep all my silver and chiny, but there was nothing gone."

As Miss Singleton said this, she got up and walked across the room continuing her remarks whilst she did so.

"I am hastounded no one heerd them, mam—where could all our hears have been? But what's the matter with you mam? are you hill? did you hear 'em? did they rob you?" and as soon as she caught the idea her eyes wandered round, "why, Lud have mercy on me, as I live if your dressing box han't hentirely hempty, and see what a state of confusion all is in! and what's this, 'give no hinformation at your peril!'"

"Yes," said Mary, "I am the one who has suffered—the attack was, I suppose, directed against me"—and Miss Singleton's questions drew forth from our friend all that had happened. The police office was now immediately made acquainted with the whole subject, the articles stolen were described, and Miss Clinton in great uneasiness awaited the result.

That evening the spinster had her seat at Mary's tea-table, and their conversation of course principally turned upon the misfortunes of the previous night.

Miss Singleton took that occasion to especially draw upon her recollection for passages from Mr. Slashem's sermons. She became very eloquent upon the sin of the world, the flesh and the Devil. She plainly evinced that the seeds sown by the worthy Pastor had not in her instance at least fallen upon barren soil—she wandered off from one subject to another, until finally faith, hope and charity came under her vivid tongue.

"Yes, mam, faith, 'ope and charity, is the three best things in this hearth—we hought to cultivate them, to hexercise them, to hadorn ourselves with them—and to your trouble, mam, they are particularly happlicable. 'Ave faith that God will bring the rabscallions to the alter, mam,—'ave 'ope that he will restore unto you what you have lost—and charity"—here there was a stop, and why?

Miss Singleton for the first time thought perhaps her lodger might be in want of charity—might have nothing wherewith to pay for her rooms, and the last fortnight's bill had not been presented. Mr. Slashem was entirely forgotten—nothing more was for some minutes said—at length the pious church woman spoke.

"I quite forgot, mam, last Saturday was the hend of the week—fortnights lodging, mam, was due then. I'll send you the bill to-morrow morning."

Mary looked not a little surprised as she replied, "ah; thought Miss Singleton was aware there was nothing whatsoever to pay it with. A few days and the Great Western would arrive by which she was certain of hearing from her friends."

"Hindeed, mam," was the answer, "you have been hexpecting and hexpecting a letter for so long a time and nothing has come, that I don't think you're going to get anything, mam,—and what are you going to do, mam?"

"A reply is certain to arrive sooner or later," said Mary, "and as to what I should do if it did not, a question which under a different posture of affairs, you'd have no possible right to ask. I intend applying to the American Minister from whom I shall of course receive every assistance."

"Well, mam," continued the other in a dry, harsh voice, "I don't think you're going to get a letter, and I don't know whether the Minister is a going to do what you say—and I want to know, mam, how I am to be paid for my happartment."

Mary felt her heart rising to her mouth, but, alas, a slave to her boarding house mistress, she dared not speak what she felt, for one word of Miss Singleton might turn her out of doors, and plunge her into irremediable distress:—she was under absolute control, but could not refrain from saying, and that with indignity—

"Does not my station show, Miss Singleton, you need fear no loss by my hands! and let me ask is this what Mr. Slashem teaches!"

"This is all very fine," cried the other, rising from her chair, but not seeming in the slightest imaginable degree excited, "this is all very fine—but, mam, I live by my rooms, and, I'd have you to know, I must be paid for 'em. This morning a lady came and asked me if I could haccommodate her, and I was hobliged to say not. No, mam, no, I'll give you two or three days more—and at the hexpiration of that time I must heither 'ave my room or my pay."

So saying she departed. How inexpressibly miserable is the feeling created by receiving an insult, more especially from an inferior, and being unable to notice it—being compelled to sustain it! What had Mary it in her power to do! Where could she turn from that decree which compelled her to wait until necessity forcibly ejected her! Miss Singleton was of a species by far too numerous in this world of ours—cant and hypocrisy were her companions—she paid the compliment to virtue of at least affecting it, but unfortunately it was mere affectation.

The next day after having spent the morning hours alone, Mary was putting on her bonnet with the purpose of going round, according to her custom, to the post office, when she suddenly supposed it might be well to advertise the pawn-broker to whom she had been in the habit of going, of her loss, so that if any one should bring any such articles to him for sale as she had been deprived of, he might take the person in arrest. Miss Singleton hearing her foot on the stairs chanced to watch what course she took, and saw that she turned up into Closet Court.

Mary entered the shop, and there behind the counter as usual stood the little Jew: he made his bow, and said he trusted she had been wise enough to come back with the diamond she had brought the other day, disposed to consent to the price he had extended to her.

"My purpose, Mr. Soloman," replied she, "is altogether different—some one the night before the last broke into the house in which I lodge, and having entered my room stole that diamond, as likewise various other things."

"Dat ish very badt," quoth he. "I suppose de account in the papers dish morning was about you? oh, dish city is a very badt place."

She then gave him a description of what she had been robbed of, asking him to watch out for her.

"Oh, yesh," said he, nodding his head, "oh, yesh. I vill do dat, and I vill make shome inquiries among my brethren."

Mary thanked him, and was turning away when a man advanced from the farther end of the shop, and extended his hand to take up a few pieces of silver lying on the counter—a large ship in India ink had been picked upon it. She gave a suppressed shriek, at the same time looking into Dick's face.

"You are the wretch!" she cried, and was rushing out to summon aid.

"Not quite so easily," muttered Dick betwixt his teeth, "not quite so easily."

He placed his hand over her mouth, as he had done before, and motioning the other to lock the door, dragged the poor girl to the trap.

"Soloman," said he fiercely, "move off the top—and let me take this tell tale down."

The action was quickly performed, and Mary lifted into the cellar we have already described.

"Now," said Bull, "before I remove my hand let me tell you that if you make any thing like a cry for help, I'll cut your throat or dig this dagger into your heart. I ought," he continued, having loosed his hold, "I ought to kill you any how for going and blabbing to the police officers."

This was no time for giving way to her feelings, and aware that every thing now depended upon firmness and energy, she arose from the ground upon which he had cast her, pushing back as she did so, the jetty hair partially falling over her face, for her bonnet had become untied while she was being brought down the ladder. She looked steadily at the Jew, and next at the hateful creature who stood smiling triumphantly on the other side.

"You have me in your power," said she, "and I will not attempt influencing you to pity, for I suppose your heart has not one kindly drop of blood in it; but let me speak to your fears. If you injure me, if you attempt to harm me, your crime will some time or another be found out. Murder will discover itself, and—"

Dick interrupted her with a laugh. "Murder will discover itself," repeated he, "Ha! ha! why many as have been those I have sent to death: many as this same hand of mine, by which you have recognized me, has slain, never once have I been suspected. Murder will discover itself! Pooh! that's nonsense, isn't it Sammy!"

"Dick, you speaks de truth," said Solomon. "Wait until your dying day overtakes you," continued Mary, "before you make so sinful a boast. Your time has not yet come, and be careful not to add to the catalogue of your wickedness. But if you have no fears, let me speak to your mercenary nature. Permit me to go free—and, by my hopes of Heaven, no word shall ever pass my lips about this scene—nay, farther, ask any ransom I can give, and you shall have it, even if it be twenty thousand pounds."

"Come, come," said Dick, impatiently waving his hand, "no more of this."

"Twenty thousand poundsh is a large sham of monish," said Soloman half soliloquising.

"Well, Sammy," said Bull turning to the Jew, "so you'd be willing to let this girl go abroad, would you? The first thing she'd do would be to run and tell. I'll not take such a chance as that. No, no, she shall stay here, and though I don't think I shall stab her, I guess we'll find something for her to do. Soloman you've got a wife, a decent sort of body enough, and you seem to be very happy with her, now do you know I feel much inclined that this sweet little thing and I shall 'join our hands in wedlock's bands,' as some old song says! Wouldn't that be delicious!" asked he staring with his protruding eyes on Mary.

She made no answer, but, unmoved as marble stood regarding him.

"You shay de truth, de whole truth and nothing but the truth, as you did de other day ven you shwore away Tom Jenkins' life because he was ruining our trade—she musht stay here. I don't like, however," and here he grinned, "you should have all de booty."

"You don't eh!" cried Dick, "the laws of the land for which you have such respect forbid polygamy and infidelity and all that kind of thing—and you're married."

"You shay de truth agin, Dicky," returned Soloman. "But I musht go up to my counter. Goodt bye—goodt bye."

The Jew had no sooner gone than the ruffian quietly began.

"There's no use contending, for I do not mean you shall ever see daylight again, unless you are very differently disposed from what you are now; this cellar shall be your home from henceforth: I give you two alternatives—one that you live with me amicably—the other that you taste this steel."

Mary receded as he drew forth his dirk from its scabbard, interposing the table betwixt him and herself. A pistol was lying upon it loaded and cocked, seeing which she planted herself there, and in firmness and dignity of bearing, expressed her undauntedness of resolution, as she said,

"Sir," and her words were as distinct and clear in the awful stillness of that place as her heart was alarmed—"if you dare approach me, I will, as I care not what hazard, discharge this instrument—you may murder me for it, but my doing so will at any rate have the effect of creating a search by the neighbors into this place, for these windows are not so effectually blocked up, that the sound cannot penetrate through them to the outer air, where there are hundreds and hundreds whose ears must hear it."

"Come," answered he, "I perceive we must, as in times long past I was told the scriptures says, 'reason together.' If you fire that pistol at me," and he did not make direct response, for he understood the truth of her

position, "there is no chance of its doing any injury and then your end is sealed—but supposing you were to do [illegible] you'll have no more chance with him than with me."

So saying he [illegible] himself on his bed, drew his hand over his eyes and appeared to sleep. No means of deliverance presenting itself to her mind, she concluded to await as patiently as her dreadful situation would permit, what course Providence might ordain.

With this reflection she turned off, preparing to seat herself on an old box lying near the wall of the cellar. With one spring, when he perceived this movement, did Dick reach her side and instantaneously his arms were thrown about her shoulders, the plank, wrested from her grasp, was thrown afar off into the darkness, and she was incapable of moving hand or foot.

She gave one long, loud, piercing cry which filled every corner and crack of the vault.

"Curse your throat," cried Dick, seizing her neck; "I feel sharply inclined to put an end to you!"

"Do so," said Mary, "oh! do so, and spare me my misery. I pray you, I beseech you execute your threat!"

He withdrew from her side—muttering that he had not done with her yet, but he knew she'd soon commence to shriek out in that manner again. Solomon's voice was now heard calling down the trap.

"Make her shtop dat! I can hear her up abuve so vell as if she vas standing by me. Make her shtop—draw de bloodt, Dicky, draw de bloodt."

"Hold your tongue, will you?" cried Dick in answer, "leave her to me and mind your own business; she's too pretty to be despatched yet."

"Vell, vell, but she musht go if she don't shtop dem shcreams. Here'sh your dinner," and Solomon closed the door leaving the tin bucket before alluded to on the upper step.

"Come here," said the other as he regaled himself over the stale fragments, "come and eat, for it won't do that you lose what little flesh you've got."

She however made a sign of aversion and placed herself at a distance from him. Mr. Bull had not been accustomed to the use of knife and fork; he disdained such assistances, resolutely maintaining that the use of fingers was decidedly a more convenient, safer and expeditious way of supplying one's mouth with food than such inventions afforded. He went actively to work at the meal spread before him, bones, gristle and all else disappearing with astonishing velocity through his tremendous jaws. During the process of chewing he unwaveringly fixed his large, projecting eyes upon poor Mary, whom he every now and then graciously made aware of his notice by a nod, or beck, a wreathed smile or some such condescending favor.

"Now," said he, after concluding his repast, "here endeth the first chapter, and the second will be found equally agreeable. I intend, my dear to take a sleep, and you must watch over me, d'ye hear? But it would never do to let you be so uncomfortably unrestrained, lest you should take it into your innocent head to follow the illustrious instance set you in the Old Testament, by the exceedingly exemplary female who drove a spike through the ear of some man or another,—my recollection does not extend to his name. You will accordingly please to submit to my binding your limbs with this rope and tying you up against that old beam."

Mary made no resistance. After performing this operation, and applying himself to his brandy he again came to her side, resuming his repulsive fierceness of expression. "One single scream, or any kind of noise to draw attention to this quarter, and that scream shall be your last." He got upon his bed and giving way to an oath, rising as he did so to enforce it with a look directed against his wretched victim, he sank back into a deep sleep.

The emotion she had so long and so heroically pent up, at length imperatively asserted its power, and many a tear trickled down her blanched cheeks, and many a sigh escaped from her unhappy bosom. Death, or what was worse than death, were the two alternatives presented, and no chance did there appear of any circumstances arising which could render either one or the other avoidable.

Such positions as this are those in which to have the blessings of religion, is an inexhaustible source of comfort, of consolation, I might almost say of happiness—for how exalted are the sensations of the mind, when—hid beneath foreboding clouds—it casts away all human wisdom, disconnects itself from human agency, and relies upon the power of the Almighty, alone to avert the destructive arrows!

Notwithstanding the horror of the awful being in whose clutch she now seemed, she could not but wonder what that history might be which had sunk him so low beneath that sphere in which his language occasionally avowed he had been educated. She remained thus a long while—for Dick being in the habit of resting all day and prowling about all night, continued his sleep for several hours,—and had become terribly tired from the painful position in which she was secured, when a slight noise, so trifling as would scarcely have attracted any but her excited attention, on the wall near where she was tied, aroused her.

On the afternoon of the day during which the last mentioned circumstances occurred, there might have been seen in the reading-room of the North American Coffee House, a young man, of years about mid-way betwixt twenty and thirty, of all appearance exceedingly prepossessing, and whom, without further circumlocution, we shall declare to be Albert Johnston. He was engaged in the perusal of that cumbrous sheet of which no one within the civilized quarters of the Globe has not heard, "The London Times." He glanced through the editorial article, skimmed over the reports of Parliamentary proceedings—read one or two passages from the "communications," extracted as much virtue as he could from the advertising sheet, and was just about listlessly throwing down the paper when his eye lighted up suddenly—all inactivity and carelessness of manner departed from him, as, re-taking his chair, he perused with absorbing interest the following paragraph.

"Burglary. Some rascals (it has not yet been discovered who they were) feloniously entered the night before last the House No. 235 Strand, kept by Miss Singleton for lodgings. They took from one of the rooms, that occupied by a young lady whose name, we have understood, is Mary Clinton, divers valuable articles in the shape of jewelry. We hope accounts may soon be given of their arrest."

"Now," cried our new acquaintance starting out of the room, his handsome countenance illumed with joy, "now at length I am upon the track—the lost lamb will soon be found."

Calling a cab and springing into it he ordered the driver to take him, as fast as his horse could go, to No. 235 Strand. Here arrived, he jumped out with as much activity as he had manifested upon getting in, and thrusting his hand into his pocket drew forth a sovereign, which, scarcely looking at it, he nervously placed in the coachee's extended palm. The paling was soon passed, the steps ascended and the knocker plied with a loudness and rapidity it had not known for many years previous. Whilst this scene was enacting, and attracting the attention of all the street passengers, our friend the cab-man was indulging in a very pleasant soliloquy.

"If that 'ar genman supposes," for thus did the worthy creature mentally say—"If that 'ar genman supposes as he has given me vun shilling vich is the hordinary and legal fare from the North America Coffee House to this place, that supposition is haltogether a imaginary hoduction, for here is twenty as good shillings sterling money, as ever vos seen in Great Britain or Hireland neither. But advice being commonly and wery properly considered a interference vith other peoples concerns, I don't think it at all necessary to tell that 'ar genman or any other genman, as how nineteen of those shillings is his'n."

Having thus reflected, Tom Snubbs mounted his box and immediately disappeared.

Such an unwonted assault as cab-wheels at her curb-stone, and such an extraordinary violence of application at the knocker, caused Miss Singleton herself to do the stranger the honor of opening the door.

"Does Miss Clinton lodge here?" quickly demanded Mr. Johnston.

"She has the front apartment, second story, sir, of this house."

"Well, will you be kind enough to say to her a gentleman wishes to see her?"

"She is not at home at present, sir," responded the beautiful Miss Singleton in a softness and sweetness of voice, which might have induced the belief of her being the daughter, grand-daughter or some lineal descendant of a Syren.

"Oh!" impatiently ejaculated the inquirer, "have you no parlor in which I can wait until she returns?"

Forthwith adjournment was made into a small, low room where Mr. Johnston was left solitary and alone to await the arrival of Mary. A number of chairs, plain wooden ones, interspersed with different sized mahogany tables, surrounded, in prim square array the parlor—a carpet, of which the brown of age was the characteristic, graced the floor. Two paintings were on either side the mantel piece, one a female and the other male, intended as likenesses of Mr. and Mrs. Singleton, people who had been long since gathered unto their fathers and mothers, but who, if they bore any resemblance to these their portraits, must have been astonishingly elegant looking individuals—the lovers of conchology might have spent a delightful hour or so in contemplating and cogitating upon two large pink shells which ornamentally flanked the fender—botanists might have had both pleasure and profit in examining certain artificial flowers which were tastefully arranged on the various tables, and instituting a comparison betwixt them and the realities they were meant to represent—and those fond of the gawing of the middle ages, might have become [illegible] at four pictures which were [illegible] arranged on the walls, bearing the titles of spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

Mr. Johnston [illegible] had no taste for [illegible] botany or antiquities—and the lack of subjects [illegible] power to tempt, with the great suspense he had to see Miss Clinton, rendered him a most miserable creature during the time he passed in the above described room.

Finally his patience being quite expended, he rang the bell, and asked Miss Singleton who, with great alacrity had come forward, if she knew where Miss Clinton was.

"Can't say, sir."

"Does she frequently remain out so long as this? look, it's now nearly half past six o'clock."

"She never did so 'afore, sir."

"Did you see what direction she took?"

"She went into Chant Court, sir."

"And, ma'm, is there any other egress or ingress to the place but that by which she entered?"

"There is not, sir."

"Then it's natural to suppose she went there. I'll go and see—where is it?"

"On t'other side the way."

"What time did she go, and how was she dressed?"

"About one o'clock, sir, and in mourning."

"In mourning! ah! poor Charles is gone, then. Thank you, ma'm, thank you," and out rushed Mr. Johnston.

Chant Court is a small square, which we shall suppose to be branching from the strand; around it are about ten or twelve buildings, principally used as stores, and in the first of these he made inquiries as to whether a lady in mourning had been seen to enter the court that day at about one o'clock? No one there could give information, and the second place he visited chanced to be a house next door to the establishment which has figured so prominently in our pages. Here he was told such a person as he described had been seen going into Mr. Samuel Solomon's shop.

"No, shir," said the Jew, to whom he now went, "she hash not been here: I have not sheen her."

Back flew our friend to Mr. Simpson's.

"Sir, you must have been mistaken: I am told she has not been there."

"She certainly has," answered the other. "I watched for her to come out having taken some interest from observing her go there frequently, and was much surprised at her not re-appearing."

"There's some mystery about this," returned Albert.

"Aye," rejoined the honest Mr. Simpson, "I believe you—for I have had my suspicions awakened by thinking I heard a scream coming from underground in the next cellar—it, however, being perhaps only a fancy, had no other effect on me than to keep my ears open for a repetition."

"Heaven and earth!", exclaimed Johnston, "I must sift this matter to the bottom," and he was about returning to the Jew's.

"Stop, stop," interrupted Mr. Simpson, "that indeed would be a pretty way of sifting it. Should there be any truth in our suspicions, (and at any rate consider how vague they are,) that would only have the effect of affording them opportunity to throw dust in our eyes."

"What would you propose, sir?" anxiously asked Albert, "I am so disturbed, so excited I cannot collect my ideas sufficiently to think."

"I have hit upon a plan," said the good old burgher, after reflecting a while. "We will go down into my cellar, and since a thin wall will only separate us from that of the next house, by pulling away a few stones we may see or hear what is going on."

"Give me your hand, my kind friend," said the young man, "oh, how many blessings does my heart wish you—pray do not delay."

Mr. Simpson's store was soon closed—a lamp was lit—a chisel and hammer were procured, and they without farther stoppage descended. All was as mute as the grave. The instruments were gently put to work to scrape away the old crumbling mortar. After much difficulty the first stone was removed, opening a way for farther yet easier labors. By degrees they got deeper into the wall, until it was supposed there could be but one stone intervening, and here they became confounded, for how was this to be extracted? They could not of course pull it toward them, and if it were pushed the noise would be their betrayal, if there was any one to betray to. They continued their work, however, and what was their surprise when they saw it removed by some interior hand. Mary let it fall when she met the eye of Albert, and he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What's that?" cried Dick, rousing from his sleep at the sound. Johnston had the presence of mind to shade the lamp, so the aperture was not remarkable on the other side. He got up and examined the rope which bound Mary by her waist and shoulders to the post, and being satisfied all was right, having taken another dram and accounted for the noise as some creation of a dream, he lay down again and was soon snoring.

"Ask me no questions now," whispered Mary, "only liberate me, and I will tell you all."

Now indeed they worked actively—piece after piece was taken out—the breach was widening fast—in a few more minutes she would be free. The moments were big with intense apprehension and intense joy; first, lest Dick should arouse, and next at the prospect of safety. At length Albert stepped through, cut the cords, helped Mary back, and the party soon found themselves in Mr. Simpson's store.

The joy was too exalted, the anxiety had been too great for her nerves, unaccustomed to such extremes of scene, and she fell back senseless into Johnston's arms.

Upon awakening from her temporary trance, she was in her own apartment, at the house of Miss Singleton, that lady standing over, fanning and administering salts to her.

We shall now in a few words conclude this history, and, first and foremost, it will be requisite to tell who Mr. Johnston is. Before leaving Baltimore, Mary had received the addresses of this gentleman, and had denied them on the ground of Charles requiring her undivided attention:—she, however, scrupled not to tell him his love was returned. Their parting had witnessed this acknowledgement with a warm embrace.

Albert used to make constant inquiries at the firm with which he knew Clinton transacted his business, but no news was heard of the absentees. He became alarmed, his presentiments were excited, and he set out in search. He could gain no kind of intelligence in London, and had nearly given up to hopeless despair, when we introduced him to our reader.

"Mary," said he, the next day, on which she had risen refreshed and restored by a tranquil and peaceful night—"the custom of the world requires, and I trust our hearts respond to it, that you should not return under my *single* escort. May I not, therefore, engage for priestly services forthwith!"

She made no other answer than by a smile, and the affair was consequently concluded. Though Miss Singleton had acted so ungenerously, so despicably, still, since she had been a companion during a period of adversity, her offences were forgiven. Accordingly this lamb of Mr. Slasham's congregation was presented, for the benefit of the poor thereof, with a large part of the contents of the letter about which she had so much doubted, but which nevertheless arrived in a few days: it has been shrewdly suspected the poor of Mr. Slasham's congregation saw precious little of it.

To Mr. Simpson, for his kindness, his earnestness in their behalf, and his manifest happiness at their success, ten thousand thanks were given, together with a perpetual place in the affectionate memory of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston.

Dick Bull and the upright Solomon only remain to be disposed of. It appears the former awoke before the police came for his arrest, communicated the escape to the latter, and they both set off not having been found to this day—we pray, however, they may sooner or later be brought to justice, either by the hand of God or that of man.

A Burmese War.

The old Burmese War waged by the English East India Company is still remembered for its bloody character and the astonishing successes of the invaders. From the tone of the late English papers we should not be surprised if another war was brewing betwixt the British and Burmese. From a letter from the East, published in the Manchester Guardian, we extract the ensuing paragraph.

"I know not if you are interested in a Burmese war; but, if so, I can tell you that there is now much greater chance of one than there ever has been. Instead of our giving Tharawaddie a thrashing, he is about to turn the tables, and attack us. We know to a certainty that he is assembling an immense army for some purpose or other, and all accounts agree that its destination is southward. It is supposed that the Chinese have persuaded him to this step. At all events, all the authorities here, both civil, military, and naval, believe that he will be fool enough to make an attempt on these provinces; and every preparation for such an event is being made by the troops, by the man-of-war (the Childers,) and by the gun-boats. The whole of the latter are ordered to be got ready for service, and fully armed."

This Tharawaddie, to whom the extract alludes, has never forgotten the loss of the Burmese provinces in the last war, or the humiliations to which his empire was then subjected. He has long hated the English with an unrelenting fury, and only waited for a favorable opportunity to take vengeance for the defeat of his predecessors on the throne.

By the latest advices from Calcutta it is rendered probable that a regiment or two would be sent to reinforce Moulmein, at which place the writer dates.

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Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by back-balances. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

☞ Samuel Arnold, now of Smith County, Tennessee, is not now, nor has he ever been, an agent of the present proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post, consequently his receipts are not valid. We gave a similar notice in November, 1839.

☞ Mr. James R. Smith and M. Meeker, will assist our Travelling Agent, C. W. James, in Western Collections. Mr. James' office and residence, is on Harrison street, east of Broadway, Cincinnati.

☞ A. R. Harris, Esq. has been appointed Agent for the Post and Magazine, vice J. R. Tucker, Esq. resigned.

An Impostor.

The Spirit of the Press published at Cleaveland, Ohio, publishes as "an unprincipled impostor, a fellow calling himself J. G. Burwell." He came to this city, says the Press, under the pretence of being an agent for eastern publications, and has been attempting to palm himself off as an agent of ours. We have ourselves suffered so much from persons of this class, that we will in every case do what we can, to expose such attempts.

Sugar from Corn Stalks.

The introduction of the beet root into France, as a substitute for the sugar cane, posterity has pronounced among the most praiseworthy acts of Napoleon's reign. All the blood and treasure which he poured out so freely, have left less lasting benefits to his country, than the introduction of this simple root to the notice of the French agriculturalists. Instead of being wholly dependent on foreign colonies for her sugar, France has now within her borders the means of supplying herself. She asks favors from no one—she is not forced to buy at any price a foreign power may choose to ask—she is at the mercy of no enemy in time of war, for this almost necessary article.

The advantages of placing this country in a like independent position, have often struck our patriotic agriculturalists, and the cultivation of the beet has been carried on with various success in different parts of the nation. Generally, however, the result has not been attended with such success as in France. Whether our mode of cultivation is inferior to that adopted in our sister nation, or whether the beets we use are not so well adapted to the purpose as those of France, or whether the soil of our country has a tendency to deteriorate the vegetable even if originally faultless, are questions, which though interesting, are not germain at present to our enquiry—suffice it to say, that the general result of the cultivation of the beet root in the United States, has been far inferior to the results in France, so much so indeed, that while in the latter country four, five, and even six per cent. of sugar is obtained from the beet root, there has rarely, in this country, been obtained a greater yield than one per cent. In short, an acre of beet-root in France, will produce four or five times as much sugar as an acre of beet-root here. The cultivation of this vegetable, therefore, is not likely to be extensively adopted in the United States. But a substitute for the beet-root has been discovered in the stalks of Indian corn.

We know not who it was that first called public attention to the fact, that the stalk of the common Indian corn could be cultivated with advantage for the purpose of being manufactured into sugar. It was long known that this vegetable abounded in saccharine matter. The experiment, however, of destroying the ears, and thus infusing the stalk with the whole saccharine matter of the plant, is, we believe, of later adoption.

During the last season, however, particular attention has been devoted to this subject by some of our agriculturalists, and the result of their experiments is highly satisfactory. Mr. William Webb of Wilmington has been particularly successful, and to a letter of his we are indebted for an account of the process. He has obtained one hundred pounds of sugar to the acre, but he is confident that, by somewhat modifying his process, he can get, at least, a thousand pounds to the acre. For the benefit of such of our readers as feel curious on such subjects, we quote the following description of the process from Mr. Webb's letter.

"The corn is planted in rows two and a half feet apart, and the stalks are left to stand in the row three inches one from another; it is then cultivated in the usual manner. Some time in August, or as soon as the stalk shows a disposition to form grain, the ears must be taken off. This operation must be carefully attended to, as upon *it* entirely depends success. After this there is nothing more to do until the crop is ready to be taken up, which will generally happen in September. The stalks are then cut up at the root, stripped of their leaves, and taken to the mill, where the juice is pressed out between iron rollers, in the same way usually employed with the sugar-cane. Lime water, about the consistency of thin cream, is then mixed with the juice, one spoonful to the gallon. It is let to settle one hour, and then poured into the boilers which are covered until the liquid approaches nearly to the boiling point, when the scum must be taken off. It is then boiled down as rapidly as possible, taking off the scum as it rises. As the juice approaches the state of syrup, it is necessary to slacken the fire to avoid burning. The boiling is generally completed when six quarts are reduced to one. It is then poured into coolers or moulds and set aside to crystalize. When this process is gone through, the sugar is to be separated from the molasses, and the whole operation is finished. The use of animal charcoal and the employment of steam in the process of evaporation, as common in the manufacture of beet sugar, would, I am confident, produce white sugar at one operation.

"From what is known on the subject, I fully believe that an acre of good ground, treated as above described, will yield at least one hundred pounds of sugar; probably more. The value of the fodder taken from the stalks, and of stalks themselves after passing through the mill, will be more than an equivalent for the whole expense of cultivation and keeping the ground up. The fodder produced in this way is much superior to that usually made, from its containing a greater quantity of saccharine matter."

These results are highly satisfactory, more so indeed, than when the beet root is cultivated. But the product from an acre can unquestionably be increased by proper cultivation and a better acquaintance with the business. We must remember that the cultivation of the corn-stalk for the manufacture of sugar has hitherto been experimental, and that when the business shall come to be followed on a large scale, it will be more profitable. To our view it seems worthy the attention of our wealthy agriculturists.

Clam Bakes.

Every dweller "along shore," from Nantucket to "away down east," has delighted himself, at one time or another, with a clam-bake—that most luscious of feasts where fun, frolic, and the eating of clams almost makes us dance with joy, and even forget whether one stands on his head or his feet. So at least Giles Anthony would tell you—we mean Giles of Warwick Neck, whose insight into the mysteries of *clam-ology*, is written in the chronicles of the Providence Journal, even to this day. We do not speak ignorantly on this subject, and our enthusiasm must therefore be pardoned, for we have ourself snuffed the breezes of Warwick Neck, and with wild hunger, dived not "*suaviter in modo*," but certainly "*fortiter in re*," into the heart of a clam. Long live Giles Anthony—long live Warwick Neck—and long live the historiographer thereof, the Providence Journal. In the fullness of our heart we will parody our friend Sancho's words, and say, or rather write, "Blessed be the man that first invented clams."

But alas! for the glory of Rome—alas! for the grandeur of Greece—alas! for all fleeting and visionary things. The clam-bake club has adjourned for the winter, and the editor of the Providence Journal, is left, like Marius at Carthage, like a column at Palmyra, or like any thing else of desolation one chooses to imagine, mourning over the event. The closing scene has been described by his pathetic pen. His overcharged heart finds vent in verse, as he contemplates his final clam.

'Tis the last clam of summer,
Left smoking alone;
All its juicy companions
Are eaten and gone.
No black-fish is waiting,
No chowder is nigh,
The plates are half empty,
The glasses are dry.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
Away from the shore,
Though fall to the gullet
I'll swallow one more.
So soon may I follow,
When clam-bakes decay,
And the glory of Warwick
Shall all pass away.
When oysters have vanished,
And clams have not come,
O who would inhabit
This bleak world alone.

"These are occasions," says the Journal, "when the heart is too full for utterance,—when speech would but faintly expose the feelings which swell the bosom to bursting. This was such an occasion. No man spoke; even the young ducks were silent; and no gander gobbled. Slowly and sadly they rose from their seats, and casting 'one longing, lingering look behind,' bade farewell to Warwick Neck for the season."

But while we commiserate the situation of our cotemporary, we cannot mourn "as one without hope." Next summer will bring back the clam-bakes of Warwick Neck, the fishing at Newport, the hurrah of Rooseville, and all the glory of the season. But then five long months must intervene. We wonder not at the lamentation of the Journal. Penetrated with equal sorrow the ghost of Sir Humphrey Davy, looking over our shoulder as we write, exclaims, with classical pride, rendering the last stanzas of the lament, into Latin, "Nonne emori per virtutem praestat, quam vitam miseram, sine clam-bakis, ducere."

Great Literary Fraud.

There is a curious history, from the pen of Mr. Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, in the last number of the American Eclectic, of one of the most singular and extensive frauds of which we ever remember to have heard. It appears that the Samaritans have a version of the Pentateuch made into their own language from the original, at a very early day, some centuries before our era. In the seventeenth century great exertions were made in Europe to procure copies of this version, which was of course very valuable to critics and theologians in their studies on the different points of our Hebrew text. Robert Huntington, an English minister, who visited Sichem or Mt. Gerizim, the seat of the remnant of the Samaritan nation, in 1671, finding them very curious about the English Israelites, succeeded in making them believe that there were a large body of men, holding the same belief with themselves, resident in England, and that it would be highly acceptable if they would send over a copy of their law and some other communication. They eagerly seized at the proposal, and in a few days furnished him with a copy of the law and a letter, both in the Samaritan character and dialect, the latter giving a full and curious account of their customs.

Huntington immediately despatched these documents to Oxford, where a meeting of the college faculty was at once held to consider these valuable prizes. With a zeal for learning as worthy as any faculty meeting ever displayed they determined to disregard all sorts of conscientiousness, and in order to keep up the deception as long as practicable, they entrusted to Robert Marshall, their Rector, the task of replying to the letter. He acquitted himself wonderfully well. The letter which he wrote was in Hebrew, written without points, and gives an admirable imitation of oriental style. He showed a knowledge of the Israelitish scriptures equal to any rabbi's, and uses typical forms and expressions in the most successful manner. In answer to the somewhat inconvenient questions about the high priest of the English Samaritans, he makes a most ingenious reply, explaining that their high priest is of the order of Melchizedec, and making some vague allusions to the life and resurrection of Christ, which must have sadly puzzled his correspondents, who, however, do not appear by their answer to have had any suspicions of the truth from this part of the letter.

They were not perfectly satisfied with his letter, however. He had neglected to convey sufficient reverence to Mt. Gerizim, the seat of their faith (See John 4, 20) and they ask some further explanations. Mr. Burritt has not given any more of the English letters, which we regret, as their ingenuity makes them quite as curious as the simplicity of the others.—The correspondence thus skilfully and learnedly begun was continued for upwards of fifty years.

A small remnant of the Samaritans yet remains. Dr. Robinson, in a recently published work, gives a curious account of an interview with them.

The conduct of these good Oxford scholars was, after all, a little jesuitical. They would scarcely find credit in these days for doing evil that good might eventuate finally.

New Jersey Legislature.

On Friday last, the New Jersey Legislature adjourned to meet again on the 11th of January next. But little business of importance has been transacted by either branch, save the election of State officers. Previous to adjournment, a joint-meeting was held, in which Isaac Southard, was re-elected State Treasurer; and Jacob B. Gaddis, re-elected Keeper of the State Penitentiary. A sum of $100 was appropriated in the Assembly for the purchase of *books* for the prisoners. An attempt was made to increase the salary of the State Treasurer from $1000 to $1200, but it failed. A bill has been before the Legislature for several days, compelling the Banks to resume specie payments on or before the 4th of July next, but will not be finally acted upon until January.

The Governor has appointed Thursday, the 9th day of December next, "as a day of Public Thanks, Praise and Prayer, to Almighty God."

The State Gazette, of Thursday last, contains a letter from the Hon. Albert Gallatin, on the subject of the resumption of specie payments in West Jersey, from which we extract the following:

"Banks have been permitted to issue paper money on the express condition that they should sustain its value at par with specie. *Whenever the condition ceases to be performed, the privilege should likewise cease to exist.* If that natural principle was rigidly adhered to, if the banks were expressly forbidden to issue the notes of any suspended bank, (including of course their own notes when they had themselves suspended specie payments,) this alone would, in most cases, prevent a suspension, and when it did not, the provision must necessarily enable the suspended bank or banks, if solvent, to resume their payments within a very short time.

"A much greater indulgence has been granted to banks in the case of a general suspension—much greater certainly in this instance than was necessary. But it is not the less an obvious moral and legal duty on their part to resume, as soon as possible.

"If a sense of justice be not a sufficient motive, it seems that their interest should induce the banks to perform their duty. The patience of the people is nearly exhausted. They have waited from time to time, always expecting the promised restoration of a sound currency. They now see that nothing has been done in that respect by the change of administration, that nothing can be expected from it. The opposition to banks, strengthened by the catastrophe of the United States, and by numerous other failures or defalcations, is daily gaining ground; and the effect, on the banking system generally and indiscriminately, cannot be otherwise averted than by a speedy restoration of the currency."

This Bank question appears to have been the most important one before the Legislature. Mr. Gallatin, it will be recollected, was once Secretary of the Treasury.

Protestant Sisters of Charity.

The philanthropists of England have lately established a sort of order which may be called that of the Protestant Sisters of Charity. An English paper of a late date says that the Society has just had the high honor conferred on it of the patronage of the Queen Dowager, who has kindly consented to become a subscriber, and to allow her name to appear as a patroness of the institution, which is already supported by a great number of ladies and gentlemen of distinction. The present station of the society is in Raven Row, Mile End, where a home is provided for the sisters when unemployed as nurses, after they have passed through a probationary course at the public hospitals, and their moral and religious character is approved of by a committee of ladies. The objects of this Society are to provide experienced nurses for the sick, of trustworthy reputation; and when unengaged by those who can pay for their services, they are engaged in visiting the sick poor in the neighborhood, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Champneys, the rector of White-chapel. They are engaged by the society for a term of three or five years, and are paid weekly, whether employed or not, as well as provided with suitable clothing. It is intended to erect a building for them to retire to in their old age, when no longer able to perform the arduous duties of their profession, where they are to be supported at the expense of the Society.

Vienna.

"The Austrian Government," says a letter from Vienna of the 16th September, "has formed the gigantic plan of building at the eastern extremity of this capital, on ground which is wholly unproductive, a new town capable of containing fifty thousand inhabitants, and which is to be provided at the outset with all the requisite great public buildings, such as churches, residence of the governor, court of justice, exchange, theatres, museum, &c. This town is to be called 'Ferdinandstadt.' The plans are already made by the Chevalier Forster, architect of the Court, who before he submits them to the Government, intends to communicate them to the principal academies of the fine arts in Europe, with a request to give their opinion."

Reward of a Trick.

A fellow was recently shot in Georgia, under the guise of the Devil. He assumed the character to terrify and rob some neighbors, and was rewarded for his trick by a pistol ball. People often play the ghost, we wonder they are not shot more frequently.

In this case, it appears that the fellow disguised himself with a club foot, went to the house of an old lady, a rich widow, called himself the devil, and frightening the family off the premises, took the old lady's money and eloped. In the act of retreating, he was met a mile or two from the house by a man with a gun, who had been to attend a wedding, and was then returning home, who, too, had taken a little too much of the "critter." The man upon meeting him, retreated, levelled his gun, and demanded who comes there? "I am the Prince of Darkness, but it is not thee that I am after, Jesse Bradford, I had but one or two subjects, and them I have despatched to the lower region." Jesse not being disposed to let his devilship pass, presented his gun and ordered him not to move. Satan commenced swelling and emitting smoke at the same time, and belching sulphur. Jesse not liking the scent of the sulphur, fired, and laid the Satanic Majesty a corpse at his feet! He then made his way to the house of the old lady, where he found the family in the greatest distress. Upon inquiry, he was told that the devil had been there, and they were compelled to fly to the woods for protection, or be carried off by him alive. Jesse informed them that he had just killed the devil.

They immediately took the road, and tracked him by the club foot until they came up with his body, when they divested him of his garments, took off the club foot, recovered the money which he had stolen, washed his face and recognized him as a young man who had lived a neighbor to them for many years.

Let this be a warning to young madcaps who would play on the fears or credulity of others. All such disguises are foolish, often injurious. More than one person has been frightened to death by a pretended apparition. The fear is foolish, we admit, but ought it to be aroused!

Wooden Pavements Unhealthy.

Much attention has lately been called to the subject of wooden pavements. In London the opinion gains ground, that, as they are now laid, they are *unhealthy*, from their rapid decomposition. *Our* citizens know that the pavements in Philadelphia last but two years, for wood runs so rapidly to decay when subjected to humidity, that the best seasoned timber exposed to damp, soon becomes decomposed and putrescent.—The albumen contained in it like similar matter in animal substances, is a susceptible germ of rottenness, which starts into existence the moment the combined energies of wet and warmth reach it, and then its desolating influence spreads with a rapidity that nothing can reach or control.

Wood paving is not only acted upon by these two fertile sources of decay, but its fibres soon become impregnated with pestilential *carburetted hydrogen*, which exudes through the gas pipes, saturates the surrounding earth, and being that very substance which escapes from animal and vegetable bodies when in a highly putrefactive state, it will have a tendency to assist rapidly in the decomposition of the *blocks*.

Long before half the streets are covered with such a pavement, the "*malaria*" that will arise from so extensive a mass of vegetable corruption will sweep off our inhabitants more numerously and with more unerring certainty than the "*plague of London*," because every individual will be incessantly breathing the deadly venom floating in the poisoned atmosphere.

This is no imaginary theory. We have all seen its deleterious and disastrous effects in those parts, where, from vegetable decomposition, human victims, thus infected, die like rotten sheep.

These lamentable results can, however, be prevented by the blocks undergoing a previous preparation in a solution of the "bichloride of mercury," which stops fermentation, renders vegetable albumen insoluble, hard, anti-putrescent incorruptible, and therefore indestructible through the agency of decay.

Ought not public attention to be directed more universally towards this matter?

Law of Common Carriers.

We see that the law of common carriers, as laid down in a late case in New York, has excited some curiosity among the press. The positions of the judge, however, are unobjectionable—the law, as he declares it, has existed as the old writers say "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." It may not, however, be generally known, so we give the case. It was as follows:—A box of books was being hoisted on board a vessel with box hooks, one end of the box fell out and the books fell into the water; the suit was for their value. The defence was that the box was not sufficient. The judge charged that the defendant was a common carrier, and as such was responsible for any negligence in taking goods on board his vessel, and he was bound to procure the best and safest machinery for that purpose, and that no custom, however general of using an inferior article for that purpose would protect a carrier from liability in case of an accident which occurred in consequence of the best machinery not being used. The shipper of the goods was not bound to see them packed in the best possible manner, and if the captain after having an opportunity of inspecting the box, received it, he was responsible for it, unless it had some latent and inherent defect which rendered it insufficient to bear the ordinary collision and friction of the passage, and the question arises whether this box containing the books was in such a situation. The main question, however, was whether the defendant ever assumed to take the box on board. On this point the evidence was irreconcileable, and either the witnesses for the plaintiff or those for the defendant had failed to testify honestly, and the question arises whether the hoisting on board was done by direction of the cartman and clerk of the plaintiff, or whether it was the act of the persons in charge of the vessel. That was a question for the decision of the jury, and as they settled that, they would render their verdict.

The jury, however, could not agree on this latter point—so the case remained undecided. The law governing common carriers may be new to many of our readers.

Death of Bishop Moore.

This venerable prelate in the Episcopal Church, died at Lynchburg, Virginia, on Saturday last. He was the oldest bishop, in his communion, in the country. For more than fifty years he has filled the station of a minister in the Episcopal Church, and no prelate ever engrossed a greater share of the love of those whose spiritual welfare he had in charge. In his social intercourse, his simplicity, his bland and gentle manner, his kind-heartedness and the unaffected dignity of his deportment, commanded the respect and love of all. No one could see the aged Bishop moving along the streets with his old fashioned and becoming dress, his silvery locks streaming o'er his shoulders, and his countenance beaming with the peace and love that dwelt in his heart, without doing him involuntary homage. It is but a few weeks since we saw him in our city. It seems but yesterday since we heard him preach.

Though at a distance from the bosom of his fond family circle at Richmond, news of his illness came in sufficient time to enable some of its members, and among them a devoted daughter, to be present in his dying moments, to soften with their tender ministration, the pangs of death. In keeping with the gentleness of his life, he sunk into the grave quietly and calm as a child going to sleep.

The funeral took place on Monday from the Monumental Church, the same in which the deceased so long officiated. The crowded assemblage present and the long train of citizens which followed the remains to their last earthly tenement, (in the new city cemetery,) showed the deep attachment and veneration entertained for the deceased.

In token of respect for the venerated dead, the capitol bell was tolled during Monday forenoon.

"In the midst of life we are in death." But a short time since Bishop White was gathered to his fathers, and now this venerable prelate is also gathered up, "like a shock of corn fully ripe." Who shall go next!

Lynchers in Texas.

The lynchers of Texas have risen to such a pitch of effrontery as to arouse every quietly disposed citizen in arms against them. It appears that Shelby county, in that country, is divided into two violent parties, termed Regulators (lynchers) and Moderators (decent people). The former are two to one, and several bloody fights have occurred. After giving a history of their origin and some of their deeds, the San Augustine Redlander of the 21st ult. adds—"While in this state of party organization, several persons were killed and wounded on each side; among them some valuable citizens, and some whose lives were especially sought, as offenders against the laws. Up to this date, the latest intelligence is that the force of the Regulators is near two hundred, while that of the Moderators is less than one hundred, and retiring before the former towards this county." Three hundred men were raised and equipped at San Augustine all with one accord anxious to restore and sustain the civil authorities and laws of the Republic. The same paper significantly says they have "volunteered for any service that the emergency of the case might require." We shall probably have by the next news from that quarter intelligence of a conflict between the two parties. We are by no means, however, surprised at this state of affairs. Lynch-law should never be tolerated—it should be put down in the very bud. If allowed to gain head, it must result as in Texas.

The Right of Search.

The right of searching vessels under American colors on the coast of Africa has lately awakened a sharp correspondence betwixt Mr. Stevenson, our Minister at London, and Viscount Palmerston, a member of the late English Whig Ministry. The frequent complaints made recently of the officers in command of British cruisers upon the African coast, in their conduct towards American merchant vessels, demanded that some prompt action should be taken for the protection of our commerce on that coast. Mr. Stevenson readily obeyed the call, and insisted not only on prompt satisfaction for the outrageous conduct of Lt. Seagram, but that such measures should be taken by the British Government to prevent the future occurrence of any such abuse. The reply of Lord Palmerston is highly satisfactory, and shows that the act of Seagram was unauthorized. The Viscount assures Mr. Stevenson that Her Majesty's Government will at all times be desirous of repressing and preventing any violation of the flag of the United States by officers of the British navy, and with that view prompt and searching inquiry was directed to be made into the facts of the case referred to, and that the result of the inquiries should be communicated to Mr. Stevenson. In fact, Her Majesty had, on receiving from Lieutenant Seagram an account of the transaction referred to, called upon that officer to explain more fully and particularly the grounds upon which he had considered himself justified in detaining a ship under American colors, and with papers showing her to be American property.

Mr. Stevenson has brought home with him most important despatches,—but their contents have not yet transpired. It is not known what view the tory ministry will take of the question. Certainly we ought not to suffer this right of search.

Much in Little.

A letter in the Journal of Commerce for Tuesday, contains as much news in a little space as we have seen for many a day. Judging by the style, the epistle is from the pen of a Friend—probably from Joseph Sturge. The information conveyed is respecting the Amistad Negroes, Cuba, and Texas. We give the letter without comment.

London, 12th Mo. 1841.

A deputation waited upon Lord Aberdeen yesterday, on the subject of the Mendians, Cuba and Texas. Respecting the former he signified an intention, or rather gave us to hope, that a passage would be provided for them from New York to Sierra Leone, provided the inquiries which he should think necessary to make, were satisfactory; and that *certainly* protection should be afforded to them on their arrival at Sierra Leone. We wrote to L. Tappan per yesterday's post, to go by the Britannia to the above effect.

With regard to Cuba, Lord Aberdeen assured us that the Government would *enforce* the fulfilment of existing treaties; and he has a copy of the letter from Havana which appears in the Register to-day. I think the information from Cuba in the Chronicle to-day will point out the necessity of Government's doing something.

With regard to Texas, our interview was quite satisfactory. Lord Aberdeen assured us that the treaty *had not been ratified*, and that it certainly could not be hastily done. Indeed, he said, "Mexico herself has not yet acknowledged the Texan independence;" he also said, that although a consul had been appointed by the late Government, yet that appointment was *irregular*. On the whole, our interview was as satisfactory as could be expected.

The Raritan Frigate.

We are glad to be able to announce that this frigate, which has been, for so many years, on the stocks at our Navy Yard, is about to be completed and launched. A town meeting was held on the subject lately, and a series of resolutions having been adopted, were forwarded to Washington. The following is the reply of the Secretary of the Navy:

Navy Department, 16th Nov. 1841.

Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 13th inst. enclosing a copy of the proceedings of a large and respectable meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia, without distinction of party, relative to the immediate finishing and launching of the frigate Raritan, now on the stocks at the Navy Yard in that city. I accord fully in the views and opinions of that meeting. Convinced that we can rely on our navy alone for the defence of our seaboard during war, and for the protection of our commerce, both in war and peace, I feel the strongest desire for an immediate and great increase, both in the number and the efficiency of our vessels of war.

Acting upon this conviction, I had determined, before I heard of any movement on the subject in Philadelphia, to give the requisite order for finishing the Raritan, which order will be immediately issued.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
A. P. UPSHUR.

Andrew M. Prevost, Esq. Philadelphia.

We think the proper authorities could not do better than order a steam-frigate to be laid down as soon as the Raritan shall be launched. Let it be remembered that ships can be built—for the navy accounts show it—cheaper here than either at New York or Boston.

The Boundary Line.

The *ex parte* survey lately made by the United States to determine the *due northern line* has caused much dissatisfaction in New Brunswick. The St. Johns Courier says, "that the American surveyors are running and marking the line by the transit instrument, or, as making an astronomical survey, they having found, on trial, that such would give them a considerable advantage, by carrying a new line considerably to the eastward of the line established by the joint survey of the boundary commissioners many years ago. That though the line is said to be run merely for the information of the U. S. Government, yet, it is generally understood, if not already avowed, that when Gov. Fairfield is sworn into office next January, he intends to take possession of the new line, and sell and settle the lands with the least possible delay. This attempt will produce, that paper says, an instant collision. It is not probable that Gov. Fairfield, or the people of Maine, will attempt any thing of the kind. The line is being run for the information of the U. S. Government, that its true position may be accurately established. The Courier evidently argues from its fears and not from facts, for it is altogether improbable that it should be possessed of the *intentions* of Gov. Fairfield, who has not yet taken his seat and will not for several months to come.

Bachelors Take Heart.

The late London journals give what they call an *official* table of the state of marriages in the "great metropolis." We cannot vouch for the truth of the statement; but we predict the old bachelors will cut it out from our paper and carry it in their pocket books, that they may have it handy for quotation. Here it is—

Runaway wives,	1,132
Runaway husbands,	2,348
Married persons legally divorced,	4,175
Living in open warfare,	17,345
Living in private misunderstanding,	13,279
Mutually indifferent,	55,240
Regarded as happy,	3,175
Nearly happy,	127
Perfectly happy,	13

There now old bachelors take heart, and while darning your stockings before your chilly, lonely uncomfortable hearths, thank the stars that you were never noosed by the girls. Make your own tea, mend your own clothes, sweep your own room, and turn up your noses at every married friend who sits cozily at his fire-side with the fair girl who loves him as her own life. Who would not be a bachelor *if the London statistics are true?* Ah! but the *if*.

Taking the Veil.

The ceremony of taking the veil was exhibited on Thursday of last week, in the Carmelite "Sacred Heart" Church, attached to the Carmelite nunnery in Aisquith street, Baltimore. The young lady, who had determined to take the vows, entered the front door of the church dressed as a bride, attended by her bridesmaid and friends. After passing up to that part of the building where the separation is made between the inmates of the institution and the congregation, she took leave of her bridesmaid first—and then of the rest of her friends. After this was done she was taken by the Nuns into another department of the building. When she returned she had been disrobed of her bridal dress, and in its stead was clothed in habiliments similar to that of the other Nuns. She entered only that part of the church assigned to them, and prostrating herself on the floor, there made her renunciation of the world and its allurements. After the whole service was over, she retired with the rest of the Nuns. Her name was changed, and henceforth she is "not of the world."

The ceremony was witnessed by a large audience, and was quite lengthy.

Expiration of their Terms.

The terms of office of the present Controller and Surveyor General of New York, the Secretary of State, Attorney General, Treasurer, and Commissary General, all of whom except the Treasurer are elected for three years, expire during the ensuing session of the Legislature, and will, of course, be filled with democrats. The Canal Commissioners (six whigs) may be removed by joint resolution of the Legislature. This, the Express says, will doubtless be done, and thus give the democrats a majority in the Canal Board, which Board appoint all the Superintendents, Collectors, and other officers employed on the canals, who now being whigs, a general sweep may be expected.

The English Mails.

The English mails are whirled along with a velocity far surpassing that of the American mails. They are carried upon nine different rail-ways, at an average price of $90 per mile. Each company is obliged by law to carry a mail whenever the Post Master General requires it, whether by day or by night. On the London and Liverpool Rail-road, over which the great mails for Ireland, Scotland and the British Provinces, as well as for the United States, are carried, the price paid per mile, Pitt's Report says, is $100.80. The time for running the distance, 210 miles, is stipulated at *twenty-three* miles the hour! These mails leave London at 8½ o'clock in the evening, and reach Liverpool next morning at half past five! *running the distance in less than ten hours!* The speed on the Baltimore Rail-road and on the route between this city and New York, compared with the despatch on the London and Liverpool road, is *behind the age!* They scarcely average *ten miles an hour*. On other routes, we admit, the velocity is greater; but could not the speed on *those routes* be conveniently increased.

British Power in Central America.

The British Crown has recently made a considerable addition to its possessions in Central America. Formal possession, it seems has been taken of the district of country known as the Musquito Coast. The N. Y. Courier says that the pretext upon which this proceeding was grounded, was that some time since the King of the Musquito Shore departed this life, and left behind him a last will and testament, in which he bequeathed to his beloved cousin, Queen Victoria of Great Britain, all his lands, tenements, and hereditaments, including, of course, the whole domain of the Musquito Shore. The illustrious legatee, it appears, has not been slow in accepting the bequest; and prompt steps having been taken to acquire seizure of the territory. A British sloop of war was sent to the Musquito Country to enforce the will of the deceased King. In pursuance of this design, San Juan, the capital, was taken possession of by a British officer, and a new King, appointed by her Majesty of Great Britain, was proclaimed. Thus has a rich and extensive region on our continent been acquired by the British crown without cost or trouble.

Calculating Boy.

Among the many boys employed for the different purposes of calculation on the ordnance survey of Ireland, there is at present one named Alexander Gwin, only 8 years old, and a native of Derry, whose abilities at his early age are truly surprising. He has got by rote the fractional logarithms from 1 to 1000, which he will repeat in regular rotation, or otherwise, as the interrogator may put the questions. It is certainly astonishing to think so tender a mind can retain with such tenacity and correctness seven figures of an answer (according to their different variations) for 1000 numbers. His rapidity and correctness in the various calculations of trigonometrical distances, triangles, &c., are amazingly beyond any thing we have ever witnessed. He can in less than one minute make a return in acres, rods, perches, &c., of any quantity of land, by giving him the surveyor's chained distances, while the greatest arithmetician, with all his knowledge, will certainly take nearly an hour to do the same, and not to be certain of truth in the end.

Singular Death.

An individual named Andrew F. Pardeeus was found lately in the pit of the St. Charles Theatre, at New Orleans, lying dead, with his leg fractured, and his head badly injured. From what could be gathered on the subject, it is believed that he must have fallen asleep on the preceding evening, during the performances, and was locked up through ignorance after the audience had dispersed. He awoke probably during the night, and in the confusion of the moment, or from intoxication, not remembering where he was, must have fallen from the third or fourth tier of boxes into the pit beneath. One of the gas burners on the second tier appeared bent, as if from some heavy body coming in contact with it. The most likely supposition is, that the deceased was inebriated and fell asleep in some corner where he remained unperceived, and that awaking in the night, and groping about, he pitched over the boxes and was killed.

Mr. Pardeeus was a native of Rahway, N. J. and was well known as the clerk of W. W. Lyons & Co.

Medical Discovery.

The London Lancet records an interesting case of recovery from the effects of laudanum, by an application of electro-magnetism, which recently occurred in the Middlesex Hospital. The patient had taken an ounce of laudanum, containing twenty-six grains of opium. The laudanum had been removed by the stomach pump, but as he continued to fail, one wire of a small battery was applied to the neck, and the other to the region of the heart or epigastrium, and by these a succession of very powerful shocks were given. The muscles of respiration were set in action, and the diaphragm contracted powerfully; the chest was more fully expanded, the pulse improved and became more powerful. This application was continued for several hours, and was finally successful. The remedy is worthy the attention of the faculty here and elsewhere. We record it for the benefit of our professional as well as other readers, living at a distance from the sea-coast.

The Fairmount Dam.

The Councils have determined to re-build the dam at Fairmount. The dam has been thoroughly examined, and it has been ascertained that the greater part of the wood work is decayed, rendering it almost incapable of sustaining such heavy shocks as it experiences every spring at the breaking up of the ice. The present dam is twelve hundred feet long, built upon rock bottom, and forms an angle. It is proposed to cut off this angle, and run it straight across, and the Schuylkill Navigation is to be secured against interruption by means of coffer dams. Two seasons are required to rebuild the structure from low water mark. The expenses attendant upon this undertaking are estimated at sixty thousand four hundred and ninety dollars and some cents. The Watering Committee are authorized to contract for such materials, &c., as may be necessary for the construction of the dam.

Schuylkill Coal Trade.

The canal, according to the Miners' Journal, is again in fair navigable order, in consequence of the heavy rains last week. The shipments, including the Little Schuylkill, amount to 18,963 tons—total this season, 548,890 tons.

Freights.—But little change has taken place in prices. Freight to Philadelphia, at $1 65 to New York $5 00. Vessels still continue in brisk demand on the Schuylkill at Philadelphia. Freight to Boston $2 50; to Providence, $2 25; and to New York, $1 75.

Receipt of Coal.—Up to the 28th ult., the whole amount of Anthracite Coal shipped from the different regions, amounted to 810,378 tons.

Schuylkill Navigation.—$469,816 is the amount of tolls received on the Schuylkill Canal this season up to the 30th inst. To the same period last year, $414,355.

The Constitution and her Crew.

The Norfolk Beacon speaks in the following manner of the Constitution, and her crew, recently returned from a cruise. "We have seldom seen a finer looking or more orderly set of men than the crew of the U. S. frigate Constitution. Nearly the whole of them have been paid off, and unlike some of those who have heretofore been discharged from United States vessels, their conduct as they pass along our streets is respectful and decorous. There is no quarreling or fighting among them, they appearing to act towards each other as a band of brothers. Their deportment too, towards the officers of the ship, has been, as we learn, respectful. As an evidence of their good conduct, we can state, that they thoroughly dismantled and cleansed the ship in two and a half days after her arrival at the Navy Yard."

The Wagon Lock.

A case was tried last week in the Circuit Court of the United States for the State of Maryland, the Adm'r. of Dr. Stifer vs. Baker, for the infringement of the patent granted to Dr. Stifer for an improvement in the mode of retarding carriages when descending hills, by a friction lock. The case was decided in favor of the defendant, upon the ground that Dr. Stifer was not the true and original inventor, but that the same was known before and in public use. This decision, therefore, disposes of the patent finally. It was stated, during the trial, that the patent, if valid, would be worth a quarter of a million of dollars.

Intemperance and Crime.

The Report of the Tennessee Penitentiary has been published, showing the condition of it for the two years ending 30th September. It appears that there were one hundred and seventy-eight convicts then in confinement. The habits of part of these convicts are thus stated:

Constantly drunk,	84
Common drunkards,	30
Occasionally drunk, and constant drinkers,	28
Temperate,	20
Always temperate,	15

Graham's Magazine.

This periodical, for 1842, will present superior claims for the support of the literary world. The January number will have original articles from the following new contributors. Serjeant Noon Talfourd, England, author of "Ion;" N. P. Willis, Professor Longfellow, Theodore S. Fay, Miss E. Leslie, Ann S. Stephens, Miss Sigourney, Park Benjamin and others. In addition to the quality thus promised, the amount of matter will also be increased.

New Publications.

Stanley Thorn—by H. Cockton—with illustrations—Lea & Blanchard.—The author of this work is already favorably known to the reading public by his "Valentine Vox, or the Adventures of a Ventriloquist," a book whose fun, humor, and incidents, have ensured universal popularity. Mr. Cockton has not the rollicking style of O'Malley, nor the fine imagination of Boz,—he cannot boast the inexhaustible humor of the one, nor the knowledge of character displayed by the other—but he has, nevertheless, many qualities of a successful novelist; and his works are eagerly sought for, we understand, by the lovers of mirth. His execution is not always equal to his conception—in other words, he is more of an artist than of a mechanist, although he is only in the second rank of the former.

Stanley Thorn is not inferior to Valentine Vox. Whoever read it will be rewarded by many a hearty laugh. In some scenes it rises above anything in Valentine Vox; and on the whole it is a pleasant, readable book.

The style in which it is illustrated deserves commendation. The engravings are from the burin of our friend Yeager, and are infused with the very spirit of fun. One cannot look at them without laughter. We recommend the perusal of the book as a good after-dinner recreation.

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe by Daniel De Foe, with a Memoir of the Author and an Essay on his Writings—Illustrated by Grandville—*New York, D. Appleton & Co.—R. H. S. George, Phila.*—Here is one of the best editions we have ever seen of that inimitable romance over which we used to pore in childhood—Robinson Crusoe. The work is got up with excellent paper, a clear type, and adorned with three hundred spirited wood cuts, printed in the text. If, in the days of our boyhood, we could have had such an edition of our favorite, with which to steal away into some solitary spot, and there devour its pages at leisure, we should have felt prouder than Croesus when gloating over his coffers.

The enterprise of Mr. George, in taking such works—so expensively illustrated—in hand deserves especial commendation. We rarely notice a publication from his establishment which is not got up in a creditable, and very often in a highly praiseworthy manner. He always has the first editions of illustrated works like these, and on that account, even if on no other, would merit our laudatory notice.

The Vicar of Wakefield—*A tale by Oliver Goldsmith, M. B., illustrated with numerous engravings, with an account of the author's life and writings, by J. Aikin, M. D.—New York—D. Appleton & Co.—R. H. S. George, Philadelphia.*—Another splendid work from our friend Mr. George's publication rooms. Who has not read that exquisite little romance, the Vicar of Wakefield—read it almost with tears of joy, and thanksgivings for its cheering philosophy? Well here we have the kind old Vicar, with all his trials, and those of his family from Olivia to Dick, set forth in more than two hundred truthful illustrations. A more elegant edition of the Vicar of Wakefield it has rarely been our good fortune to behold. This idea of illustrating standard works, especially those of a fictitious character, is one which cannot fail of making them extensively popular; and we predict for this delicious story a run unequalled by any edition of the Vicar of Wakefield that has hitherto appeared.

Spring and Summer, or the Juvenile Naturalist—*By B. H. Draper, New York—Appleton & Co., Philadelphia—R. H. S. George.*—Here is another charming little volume for the young folks, from the prolific press of the Appletons. Its design is to impart useful knowledge to the young, through a pleasant medium. It is embellished with a number of beautiful wood cuts, designed to illustrate and render more impressive, the conversations, which are supposed to be carried on between children and their tutors.

Wild Western Scenes—*No. 2—by J. B. Jones.*—We noticed the first number of this story not long since. The continuation does not decrease in merit. For stirring pictures of Western life these sketches are unrivalled.—*Drew & Scammell, Agents.*

The Youth's Athenaeum, is a neat little quarto of eight pages, laid on our table by W. F. Burgess, No. 29 south Third street. Every one should buy so good a juvenile newspaper.

Bishop England.

Bishop England, of South Carolina, has recently returned from a visit to Europe, and is now in this city. By the oath of his office the bishops of his church are required to visit Rome, or to send a substitute, once in three years, to render an account of the diocese to the Pope. Bishop England has been, during the week, delivering theological discourses at St. John's church. On Monday night the building was crowded to hear this distinguished Bishop of the Romish Church. He was in full costume and addressed the people from an elevation in front of the altar, extemporaneously. The Bishop is unquestionably an eloquent man, perhaps he and Bishop Hughes are the two most celebrated members of their church, in America. Bishop England is the most impassioned speaker, Bishop Hughes is the better logician.

Quaker Fighting.

Suppose says the Providence Journal, that all the treasure which has been wasted by this great nation, hunting a few wretched Seminoles from the morasses of Florida, had been expended in civilizing the race; in teaching them agriculture and the peaceful arts, in distributing seeds and implements, in educating the children, in diffusing physical comfort and moral and intellectual culture, in elevating the savage to the dignity of a man. How different would have been the result, both to the nation and to the Indians. This would be Quaker fighting, and according to our notion, would not only be more rational and cheaper, but a vast deal more effectual.

Cast Iron Rails.

On the Inclined Planes of the White Haven and Wilkesbarre Railroad, running into the Valley of the Wyoming, cast iron rails have been placed. They are made of anthracite iron, are six inches deep, weigh 75 pounds to the yard, and are made direct from the ore, with anthracite coal. They have been tested by experiment and are as strong and cheaper than malleable imported rails. Wrought iron English rails at White Haven are worth $65 per ton, and longer and heavy cast iron ones at the same place cost but $45. The experiments now in progress in this State will soon determine whether or no we can make our own railroad iron.

Reading Encampment Volunteers.

The volunteers of Reading are making arrangements for a grand military encampment to be held at that place in May next, which is intended, as we learn from the Gazette at that place, to be one of the most splendid things of the kind ever got up in the United States. The Philadelphia volunteers alone have stipulated to send 1500 men, and some three or four thousand it is expected will be induced to join the encampment from other parts of the State. It is intended that the encampment shall continue a week or ten days, and that all the duties and exercises belonging to the "tented field," shall be performed as in actual service.

Mammoth Power.

A Rev. Mr. Morris of Cheshire, England, professes to have discovered a mechanical power of almost incredible extent. He has brought the discovery before the British Parliament, for we observe among the proceedings in the House of commons on the 5th ultimo, the presentation by Mr. Brotherton of a "petition from this Rev. Mr. Norris, praying the House to institute an inquiry into the merits of an invention which gave a mechanical power equal to *one million horses*." Nothing is stated as to the nature of this extraordinary invention.

New York Egg Market.

It has been ascertained that over half a million of eggs are consumed every month in New York. They are brought down the Erie Canal in barrels, and New Jersey, and even Pennsylvania, supplies the Gothamites with this essential article of domestic utility. One woman in Fulton market recently sold 175,000 eggs in ten weeks,—supplying the Astor House with 1000 each day, but 2500 on Saturday!

Santa Fe Traders.

The Texan Santa Fe Expedition had reached its destination, according to the last accounts from it, after a severe journey, and encountering hordes of hostile Indians whom they had to fight through. The proper authorities of Santa Fe treated the expedition with respect, and extended towards them all the hospitalities their rude manners were capable of.

Dr. Dyonysius Lardner.

The Courier and Enquirer says that this gentleman, whose high scientific acquirements have given his name so much celebrity, has been invited by Professor Ericson, Professor Mapes, Mr. Rhodes, U. S. Naval Architect, Mr. Copeland, U. S. Civil Engineer, and Mr. Hart, U. S. Naval Constructor, to deliver a course of Lectures.

New Carriage Springs.

On some of the cars of the New Jersey Railroad, atmospheric springs have been used with great success. Air is confined in a cylinder somewhat resembling the piston of an engine. The ease of the cars and their freedom from an unpleasant motion, is an evidence of excellence and their ultimate success.

SATURDAY POST.

Terms of Subscription, &c.

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Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

The Money Market.

The money market during the last fortnight has been in rather a feverish state. Exchange on New York rose, notes of certain Banks were refused, and a general distrust appeared to be approaching. The Girard Bank stock fell to 16¼. The monetary circles began to talk in whispers. All sorts of rumors got afloat. But, at the period of our writing, the excitement has nearly subsided, and is still subsiding. The following view of the matter is from Bicknell's Reporter, and strikes us as peculiarly impartial and just.

"The truth is, the Banks of Philadelphia, with one or two exceptions, are in any thing but an enviable condition. But still we think if permitted to pursue the even tenor of their way quietly, and without this constant agitation of the subject by the newspapers, they would, in the course of a year or two, exhibit much improvement. Much of their misfortune is attributable in the first place, to the assistance extended to the United States Bank, with the object of enabling her to resume specie payments; and in the second, to the extent to which they have from time to time been compelled to loan the State. With regard to the first point, they will doubtless lose very considerably. So also with the State stocks, for which they paid $100, and which are now selling at a depreciation of from 25 to 30 per cent. In this, then, they have been unfortunate rather than guilty; and they are better entitled to the sympathy than to the censure of the community. There are other cases, however, in which some of our Banks have lost by Vicksburg, Stonington, and other similar stocks, and by enormous loans to individual speculators. These transactions should be regarded as culpable in the highest degree; and the fact of their having taken place, must have contributed no little toward exciting popular prejudice against banking institutions generally. We trust that the excitement and panic to which we have referred, will speedily subside. But if they should not, the officers of our Banks should meet together, expose their hands, and endeavor to lay a statement before the public, calculated, in some degree at least, to revive confidence."

Money is at from seven to nine per cent. on good paper—and abundant at that. Trade still continues, for the canals are not yet closed. United States Bank notes are at 31½ to 32½ discount. We annex for the week, the

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

			Price sold for.
1745	shares	Girard Bank,	16a19½
250	do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	29½a30
205	do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	31a34¼
137	do.	United States Bank,	4½a5
100	do.	Vicksburg Bank,	2¼
66	do.	Mechanics Bank,	29a29½
61	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	70a80
48	do.	Southern Insurance Co.	9½
48	do.	Union Insurance Co.	43a45
42	do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	47½
34	do.	North America Insurance Co.	6
30	do.	Commercial Bank,	48
28	do.	Phenix Insurance Co.	80
25	do.	Moyamensing Bank,	36
25	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	5
23	do.	Philada. & Trenton R. R.	60
20	do.	Girard Trust,	28½
15	do.	Commercial Bank, Cincin.	78
15	do.	Lehigh Coal & Navigation Co.	14
13	do.	Reading R. R.	25
13	do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	190
12	do.	Planters Bank, Miss.	9
8	do.	Philadelphia Bank,	59
6	do.	United States Ins. Co.	20
5	do.	Northern Bank, Ky.	74
$500		United States Bank Notes,	68½

Political Intelligence.

Odd Mode of Choosing Representatives.—The success of a candidate for political honor does not always depend upon his merit. A representative has been chosen by a *quarter of veal*. A voter at the recent election in Worcester Mass., where the parties were equally divided, had his taxes paid, amounting to $1,80, on condition of voting the Democratic ticket, which was put into his hand, and he was conducted to the polls. Just as he was about to deposit it, a Whig stepped up and said, "I will give you a quarter of veal if you will vote the Whig ticket." Done, said the man, and he accordingly immediately deposited a Whig ticket in the ballot box, and in consequence thereof, a Whig Representative was elected by a majority of one vote. We cannot say it was by "unbought suffrages."

Singular Election.—The Yarmouth (Mass.) Register, narrates the following curious proceeding which took place in the town of Chatham on the 1st inst.—"The names of several gentlemen had been added to the list after the voting began, and two of them voted. Subsequently, before the vote was counted, the propriety of this course being questioned, it was decided that these two men should have no vote, but in order to prevent a violation of the secrecy of the ballot, their votes were not taken out alone, but the boxes were upset, and the election began again. By this time, however, several of the electors had of course retired. The vote was, in consequence, a small one, and it is said did not indicate the sentiment of the town."

Alabama.—The Legislature of Alabama proceeded on the 4th instant to count the votes for Governor, when it was ascertained that no returns had been received from Marengo and three other counties; the vote of those received, however, stood for Fitzpatrick 27,900 and odd; and for McClung 21,000 and odd; the Speaker declared Fitzpatrick duly and constitutionally elected Governor, &c. The Hon. C. Clay, will probably resign his seat in the U. S. Senate, in consequence of the bad health of his wife. Should there be a vacancy in the United States Senate, an election will soon take place. A. F. Bagby and Reuben Chapman are spoken of as candidates.

Massachusetts Election.—There are 307 towns in Massachusetts. We have returns from 305. In these the votes for Governor stand, for Davis 55,369; Morton 50,559, Boltwood and others 3272. Davis' plurality over Morton 4710; majority over all 1438. The Democrats have probably elected 7 Senators. There will be, it is supposed, a Whig majority of 60 or 70 in the House.

Tennessee Senators.—Accounts from Nashville to the 6th instant, states that the Whigs had again called on the 13 Oppositionists in the Senate to take up the resolution offered some time since by Mr. Speaker Turney, in order to fix a day for the election of United States Senators, but the question being taken it was again decided in the negative—ayes 12, noes 13.

The Alabama Legislature assembled on the 1st inst. The Hon. Nathaniel Terry, of Limestone was elected President of the Senate, without opposition. David Moore of Madison, was elected Speaker of the House. Governor Bagby's message to the body takes many ground in recommending that the financial difficulties of the State be met by direct taxation.

Political Convention.—A correspondent in the St. Louis Argus proposes the holding of a National Convention of the opposition party in Baltimore on the first Monday in November, 1842, for the two-fold object of nominating President and Vice President, and taking some action in relation to the resumption and specie paying of banks.

Reduction of Salaries.—Bills have been reported in both Houses of the Georgia Legislature, proposing a considerable reduction in the salaries of State officers, viz:—the salary of the Governor to be $3000; State House officers $1600; Judges $1600; and Members of the Legislature, $4 per diem.

Notary's Public.—Governor Porter has appointed under the new Law, George Guier, David Boyd, John H. Frick, Miles N. Carpenter, Samuel Badger and Edward Hurst, reappointed as Notary's Public for the city, John Oakford for Southwark, and John S. Poynter for Kensington.

Another Election.—Messrs. Linn Banks, of Madison, and William Smith, of Rappahannock, have both resigned their claims to be the representative in Congress from the Spotsylvania district of Virginia, which they have been contesting, and intend to try the race over again.

Georgia.—The Governor of the State of Georgia has issued his proclamation, appointing the first Monday in January next for the election of two members of Congress, to fill the vacancies produced by the resignation of Messrs. Alford and Nisbet.

Ohio Election.—The Cincinnati Gazette has made compilation of the vote of Ohio at the last election, from which it appears that there were given for the Whigs 74,472, and for the Opposition 65,961—showing a Whig majority of 8511.

Speaker of the House.—Col. H. B. Wright of Luzerne, James R. Snowden, of Venango, and Messrs. Bonsall and McCahen of this county, have been named for the Speaker's chair in the next House of Representatives.

Wisconsin.—Parties are nearly evenly divided in the Legislature of Wisconsin. In council there are 7 Whigs and 6 opposition. In the House 16 Democrats and 10 Whigs.

Florida Election.—The Election in Florida has resulted in the election of twenty-four Democratic representatives and fifteen Whigs.

The Legislature of New Jersey adjourned on Friday, to meet again on the 11th January.

Were Elected by One Vote.—Nearly a dozen members of the Massachusetts Legislature.

Mississippi Election.—The returns come in fuller from Mississippi, and we now can present something more definite to our readers. We learn, by way of New Orleans, the result in 17 counties which show the following vote for Governor:

Shattuck, Whig,	6,471
Tucker, Dem.	4,994
Shattuck's majority,	1,477
Members of the Legislature elected, Whig.	25
Do do do do Dem.	8

In addition to the above, we learn that Washington County has elected Whig bond-payers to the Legislature, and given a majority for Shattuck.

So far the Whigs triumph, but there is no telling what aspect the other counties will give to the result. The interest is very great, and a tremendous vote appears to have been polled. The New York Herald announced yesterday that the anti-bond or Democratic party had carried the State by several thousands.

Rhode Island Convention.—The Convention which has been in session at Providence for the formation of a Constitution for Rhode Island, adjourned on Saturday last to meet on the second Monday of February next, that being the nearest time at which neither the Courts nor the Assembly will be in session. A Constitution has been agreed upon; of course subjects to the revision of the Convention at its future session. The suffrage is still limited.

General News.

Disastrous Storm.—The coast of New England suffered dreadfully by the storm a few weeks since. The little villages which line the rock-ribbed shore near which the Pilgrims first landed, are now shrouded in the deepest mourning. In the town of Truro, with but 1900 inhabitants, forty-three of her young men found a watery grave, almost in sight of their homes, leaving twenty widows and eighty-three orphans in that single town. Another of their vessels, it is supposed, is lost, which will swell the number of the dead to nearly sixty, and these the most active and enterprising of their small population. Out of a population of 31,000 in Barnstable county, there were recently 900 widows, made such by losing their husbands at sea.

Curious Exportations.—The people of the United States are essentially an agricultural people. Yet how often has the singular spectacle of importing from Europe, bread stuffs for our citizens, been exhibited within the last few years. The tide has changed, and the current is setting now in an opposite direction. Cheese from New York has been sold in the Liverpool market in large quantities recently. During the last week, over 1000 kegs of lard were taken up in the city for exportation. The amount of flour constantly going abroad is very large. It assists to pay off our indebtedness to Europe for the millions of luxuries we import.

A Heavy Fall of Snow.—The Laporte (Indiana) Whig of the 29th ultimo says:—"Snow commenced falling in this place on last Saturday, for the first time this fall. Although a large amount melted as fast as it fell, it covered the earth to the depth of several inches. Sixteen miles east of here it was over two feet deep; and at Niles, Michigan, we understand it was over three. It is supposed that it would have been five feet deep at that place if the ground had been frozen. The pressure upon the roofs of the houses was so great that several of them were broken in by it."

Grand Race.—The ship Akbar, of Boston, and the packet-ship Sheridan, of New York, left the latter port on two successive days last September. As both of them were crack ships, there were much curiosity to learn the result of this trial of their speed. By the last steamer, it was ascertained the Akbar reached Liverpool in precisely sixteen days and the Sheridan in seventeen and a half days, from dock to dock. These were both quick passages, but Messrs. Cope's Liverpool Packets from this port have often done as well. Sometimes better.

Betting in Maryland.—By a law of Maryland, all money staked upon the results of elections, is forfeited for the use of Primary Schools in the county where the money is deposited. A suit was tried in Baltimore County Court last week, in which the Commissioner of the county claimed two hundred dollars, that had been staked upon the result of the last Presidential election in Pennsylvania. A verdict was given for the Commissioners. This is really making evil contribute to good.

Limitation Law in Texas.—By an act of the Texan Congress, it is required that all actions of debt grounded upon any contract in writing, shall be sued within four years after the maturity of the contract; and that in every claim for money, whether foreign or domestic, which has been due for more than five years, and less than ten years, an action shall be commenced thereon within one year of the passage of this act, and not thereafter.

A Factory Destroyed.—The Mercer Luminary of Wednesday last says that the woollen manufactory of Messrs. Criswell & Curry, in Wolfcreek township, this county, was totally destroyed by fire a week or ten days since. The principal part of the cloth which was in the building was saved; but the entire machinery, as also a large quantity of wool in the second story, were entirely destroyed. The fire was communicated to the roof from a stove pipe.

Murder in New Orleans.—On the morning of the 5th inst., a hunter found in the woods beyond the Melpomene canal the body of a man about 25 years of age, which had twelve stabs in the breast and abdomen. The jury were unanimously of opinion that he had been lying on his back and asleep, when attacked by the assassin; that the murder must have been committed on Wednesday night, and that the implement used was a dirk.

Must Pay.—It is known that the Common Council of New York have, for a long time, resisted the payment of the salaries of the Associate Justices of the Court of Sessions, for reasons which they thought valid. Mr. Sandford, one of the Judges, brought suit against the corporation in the Superior Court, and the jury have given a verdict against the corporation—in other words they must pay the salary.

Persecution of the Christians in Turkey.—The German papers state that new atrocities had been committed on the Christian population of the Turkish provinces. The Augsburg Gazette, under date, Frontiers of Turkey, 12th ult. states that Ali Pasha had expelled more than three hundred Christian families from their dwellings at Mastan, who were obliged to bivouac in the open fields.

A Splendid Meteor.—The New Haven Palladium says that a splendid meteoric ball was seen by several persons in that city, about 8 o'clock on Wednesday evening. It was superior in brilliancy to the planet Venus, and as it sailed across the sky resembled a glowing mass of burning metal. During its whole track, it threw out brilliant scintillations, of a beautiful blue color slightly tinged with red.

Winter Postponed.—The old fishermen at Hell Gate, N. Y., say there will be several weeks yet of fine weather, from the fact that thousands of lobsters are caught daily at the above place, and that black fish are still taken, none of which are "*closed*," as they technically term it. The quantity of lobsters taken last week is unprecedented for this season of the year.

A Dreadful Death.—Mr. George Vanduyne, of Pequannac, Morris county, New Jersey, was literally roasted to death on the 24th ult. having fallen into the fire when intoxicated. He had purchased a quart of whiskey the night previous, "to keep Sunday," and in the phrenzy of intoxication had driven his wife and children from their home.

Steam is raised in boilers as much by the conducting power of the iron sides of the boiler, as by the contact of flame with the iron immediately under the water. Iron pins are now driven through the upper floor of the boiler so as to be partly in the fire and partly in the water. Steam is raised with increased rapidity and economy.

A Fiend.—One Charles Brelton was arrested a week or two ago in New Orleans, for having put corrosive sublimate in the food of the crew of the ship Swanton. The act was committed while the vessel was on her voyage from Liverpool; Brelton was the Steward. Nine of the crew were poisoned but none of them have died.

Anthracite Furnaces.—The Danville Intelligencer states that the three Anthracite Furnaces at that place which have now been in successful blast for several months past, continue to work well, and are making about 25 tons of pig metal per day. There is a brisk demand for the iron as fast as it can be made.

Avalanche of Flour.—The Buffalo Journal of Tuesday week says, that during the present season we have repeatedly received in the space of twenty-four hours from 20,000 to 30,000 barrels, and to acknowledge from 5,000 to 10,000 barrels is a matter of almost daily occurrence.

Attempt to Break Jail.—An attempt was recently made by the prisoners in the Parish jail of New Orleans to make their escape. About twenty-five forced their way into the women's apartments. The prisoners made resistance when discovered, but they were finally secured.

College Caps.—The students of the Medical University of New York have introduced a new style of head gear, in the shape of a unique, square-top, classical cap, made of black velvet, somewhat after the fashion of those worn by the students of Oxford and Cambridge.

He is not all a Villian.—Earl Spencer states that the amount of money obtained from him by the notorious Monroe Edwards, has been refunded through the Barings. The financier, it seems, has some sense of moral obligation. May be he is not a rogue after all.

Murder in Havana.—An American woman, of the name of Rewlett, who formerly kept a Hotel in Havana, has been arrested, for whipping her own grand child, a little girl of nine years old, so severely that she died under the infliction.

Impregnable.—H. N. B. Crandell, Esq. has submitted a plan for the erection of a fort of 200 guns, at the mouth of the "Narrows," which it is believed, would render New York impregnable by any hostile fleet.

Good Sport.—Mr. James McEachin, of Richmond county, N. C. about four weeks ago, killed two fine bucks at one shot, and on the week following killed two more at one shot. This has been seldom if ever equalled.

Thanksgiving.—The City Councils of Savannah have directed that Thursday, the 25th of this month, be observed as a day of thanksgiving for the disappearance of the epidemic at that place.

Highway Robbery.—A merchant of Towanda, Pa. named L. B. Allen, was knocked down in the street of that place, a few evenings ago, and robbed of $430 by two unknown ruffians.

London Dress Makers.—A London paper says the entire number of young creatures occupied in dress making in that city is 15,000.

Murderer Arrested.—A man named Sweeney, who murdered his wife in Norwich, Vermont, and fled, was taken on Wednesday week. He had secreted himself in the woods, a short distance from the house, and lay there until he got so chilled, and being in a very low state of health, that he was obliged to approach a neighbor's dwelling and cry out for help, whereupon he was taken. The following are the circumstances of the murder.

He came from his brother's, in Hanover, N. H., on Saturday night, and broke in a window on the outside of the house; Mrs. S. being in bed alone, she immediately arose and ran to the door, when she met him, and she then ran to the north end of the house and placed herself out of the window, and he directly took the bar of the door and gave her three blows on the head, probably killing her instantly. Her body was found the next morning in the garden, about two rods from the house, with nothing but her night clothes about her. Great excitement was created in the village by this horrid occurrence.

Pleasantries of the Marriage State.—A Doctor J. M. Johnson, residing in Baltimore, has been most villanously treated by his wife and her mother. The mother, shortly after the Doctor and his wife arrived in Baltimore, reached their dwelling and commenced upbraiding her daughter for marrying with the Doctor and annoyed her continually, declaring how much better off she would have been, had she married a certain other suitor. This interference was kept up until she persuaded the daughter to prosecute her husband for ill treatment. While the Doctor was under arrest, the good mother-in-law and dutiful wife, cleared the house of the goods, and furniture, and despatched them by the railroad cars to Philadelphia, leaving the Doctor to shift for himself.

Murder in Brooklyn.—A man named Renni, a Scotchman, keeper of a small tavern near the South Ferry in Brooklyn, New York, was brought back on Saturday, having been arrested at Vernon, in Oneida county, in that State, charged with the murder of his wife. He had been in the habit of beating her very frequently, and a few days since after a quarrel in which he treated her in the most inhuman manner, breaking several of her bones, he took the boat for Albany, and escaped. When she died, which occurred a short time after he left, an inquest was held upon the body, and a verdict of wilful murder having been returned against him by the coroner's jury, officers were sent after him, who returned on Saturday with the accused in custody.

Later from Tampico.—We learn, says the New York American, from Capt. Vanstavorero, of the brig Chas. Carroll, from Tampico, that the whole of the North Mexico had declared for a change of the present Government. It was believed that Bustamente would be deposed, and Santa Anna named as commander-in-chief or declared supreme Dictator. Congress was to be dissolved, and he to name a new Governor. The mass of the people did not appear to take any interest in the revolution—the whole matter being carried through by the army, who have every thing their own way. An express from the city of Mexico brought intelligence that business had entirely ceased in that city.

Our Relations with England.—The Richmond Enquirer states that Mr. Stevenson has brought out important despatches with him. He had an interview with Mr. Webster on Tuesday in the city of New York—and on Wednesday Mr. W. set out for Washington. The most important correspondence which Mr. S. had in England, took place, we understand, but a few days before his departure. Pretty hot shot was fired on both sides, but the correspondence was conducted in good temper. Our Minister gave the last blow. His successor was, of course expected every day to arrive in London.

The Prince de Joinville.—The St. Louis New Era of the 5th says:—"The Prince de Joinville arrived last night on the steamer Ione. He travelled, we are told, in the republican style. Having left Galena on the steamer Nauvoo, which grounded on the Upper Rapids, the Prince, with his suite of seven, there chartered a wagon for Warsaw, where he arrived at 10 o'clock in the night, and was obliged to take lodgings on the bar-room floor. He was very sociable on the boat, and seemed very desirous to learn all he could of the ways and the manners of the western world. This is right."

Discovered in Time.—A man named Sanford who has a brother in jail for counterfeiting, was arrested lately in Buffalo for having in his possession a new key and iron file; which were evidently intended to be used in liberating the prisoners now confined in the common jail of the county, but which scheme was fortunately discovered by the foresight of Mr. D. Taylor, locksmith, to whom Sanford applied for the implements just named. This discovery was indeed fortunate, as an attempt to restrain the convicts in their effort to escape, might prove fatal to the jailor or any person called to his assistance.

Another Factory Destroyed.—We learn from the N. Y. Tribune, that on the night of the 10th inst. the woollen factory of Messrs. Kellogg & Farr, together with the dye-house, warehouse, and all their contents, were consumed by fire. The fire originated in the card room. Loss from $25,000 to $35,000. Insured $2,000. Also, the flouring mill of Jonas Johnson, adjoining said factory. Loss of building, machinery, and grain, from $8,000 to $10,000. Insured $5,000. Several small buildings contiguous were burned, and the bridge across the Seneca River was once or twice on fire.

Naval Court Martial.—From the Norfolk Beacon we learn that the finding of the Court in the case of Purser Bridge, who was tried before the Naval General Court Martial which convened on board the U. S. ship Pennsylvania, in June last, upon charges preferred against him by commander W. K. Latimer, has been disapproved by the Secretary of the Navy, it not being in his judgment justified by the evidence in the case. The sentence which was a reprimand in General Orders, has therefore been set aside, and Mr. Bridge relieved from his arrest.

Fatal Accident.—The New Haven Herald of Monday says:—"A man, in a state of intoxication, attempted to go on board the steamboat Belle on Friday evening, but being refused on account of his situation, he went ashore, and this morning was found drowned in the dock. He came up from New York a few days since, and stated that he belonged to Brooklyn. He had with him twelve boxes of smoking pipes, eleven of which are now remaining. He was decently buried by the authorities of the town. His name is unknown."

An Old Salt.—The Boston Transcript of Monday says:—Saturday last completed *fifty-eight years* that Mr. Josiah Ayres, has acted as pilot in this harbor. On the 13th of November, 1783, he for the first time took charge of a vessel in his official capacity, and during this long period of time he has given universal satisfaction to his employers, and a more skilful or faithful pilot probably never trod a quarter deck. He is still hale and hearty, and will no doubt be able to discharge the duties of his profession for many years longer.

Lamentable Accident.—A vehicle, in which several ladies were riding on Thursday last, near Quantico, Somerset County, Md. broke down. The ladies were thrown out, and a Miss Kennelly was kicked in the head so as to tear away a portion of the brain. She lingered for three days entirely insensible, and then expired. A Miss Waller, though much injured, it is thought will recover. A third lady, it is stated, is entirely deranged.

Fatal Accident.—Mr. Joseph Buckle, of Harborcreek, says the Erie Gazette, in attempting, on Monday week last, to secure an unruly ox, received a severe wound on the head from the horn of the animal, which caused his death on Sunday last. The deceased was a native of England, had resided in Harborcreek about five years, and was highly esteemed by his acquaintance for his many excellent traits of character.

Effect of Horse Races.—At a horse race near Dayton, Ohio, on the 30th of October, a number of people from the town and country, got to drinking and then to fighting, in which 15 or 18 were engaged, with clubs, fence rails, &c. Many were injured, and one man was dangerously wounded in the neck. It was a disgraceful affair.

"Good for Sore Eyes."—Dr. Williams, "the oculist," formerly of this city, was bound over at Kingston, Upper Canada, last week, himself in £50 and two sureties in £25 each, to appear at the next Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, to answer to a charge of practising physic or surgery without the proper license.

Business and Distress in New Brunswick.—The New Brunswick Mechanic and Farmer, states that business never was so dull in that Province as at the present time. There is scarcely a day but there is a new failure in some direction. People are leaving St. John for the United States every day, by hundreds.

Old Times.—The man is now living, who published the first newspaper ever issued in Maine, 56 years ago. It was about the size of a sheet of foolscap, and was made up of extracts from other papers, giving dates a fortnight and three weeks old from New York and Boston as the "latest intelligence."

Boston Steamers.—The Stonington and Norwich lines will run on alternate days through the winter from New York. They were to commence this arrangement on Monday. The Norwich line will run on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—the Stonington line on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

Venerable Artist.—Col. Trumbull, the distinguished historical painter, is now eighty-five years old. His mental and physical vigor are but little impaired, and his hand is steady as ever. He says he has finished five of his historical paintings, and if his life is spared, he will complete the series.

Severe Punishment.—Three soldiers recently convicted at Fredericton, N. B., of stealing a gold watch, where last week shipped from St. John, for transportation for life. They were at the time of the trial sentenced to be executed, but subsequently their sentence was commuted.

Trouble among the Rats.—The extraordinary rise of the river Thames, at London, has driven myriads of rats from the sewers into the streets of the city. Rat hunting has become quite fashionable. Men, boys, little children and dogs, may be seen catching them at all hours.

Fraser's Magazine.—The death of the proprietor of this Magazine, will be severely felt by the friends of polite literature. His loss cannot easily be replaced. Mr. F. was an enterprising bookseller for many years, and possessed very extensive literary attainments.

A Volunteer Expelled.—George Simpson, a member of the Washington Greys, of New York, was expelled from the Company, for declaring that if a war broke out, he would leave the Company and join the British!

Iron—Tolls Reduced.—A very important reduction has been made in the toll charged on iron passing through the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. The present rate is only *twenty-five cents* per ton of 2000 pounds.

Putting off Creditors.—Some of the papers in Indiana are anxious for the passage of a law by the next Legislature of the State, to stay the collection of debts for two years.

Conviction of Edward Bolles.—This notorious villain says the Baltimore Patriot, of whom our readers have doubtless read, has been tried for bigamy at the Superior Court of Rockingham county, (N. C.) and found guilty. He was sentenced to be branded with the letter B on the left cheek, (which was carried into execution in the presence of the court,) to be imprisoned 3 years, and receive 39 lashes at three several times before the expiration of the term of imprisonment. His abode has been assigned to him in Guildford jail.

A Genuine Sea Serpent.—The British Museum has received a most curious and extraordinary addition to its varieties of nature in the form of a very large sea-serpent, belonging to the genus Hydrus, which, with some other specimens, has been sent there by Lieutenant Stokes, of her Majesty's surveying ship Beagle. This sea-snake is nearly six feet long, and about as thick as a man's thigh. It is very much larger than any specimens hitherto described, and is certainly the thickest and most weighty poisonous snake known.

Fatal Accident.—Mr. William Scram, says the Watertown Register, was suddenly killed on Tuesday last, in Antwerp, by the falling of a tree. He was engaged with his son in felling timber, and in disengaging a lodged tree one of them fell suddenly and caused instant death. Mr. Scram was a worthy citizen, aged about 60, and has left a large family to mourn his sudden bereavement.

The New York School Question.—Pursuant to notice, a large meeting was held on Tuesday evening, by the Catholics of New York, in relation to the Public School Question, Thos. O'Conner, Esq. in the chair. Sundry resolutions and an address to Bishop Hughes were adopted, and after eloquent remarks by Dr. Sweeny, Jas. J. Ryan, and others, the meeting adjourned.

Maine Tonnage.—The whole amount of tonnage built this year in the State of Maine, is said to be about 30,000; more than has been built in any previous year in that State, or in any other State during the present year.

Convicted of Murder.—Reinhardt, tried at Reading, a few days since, for the murder of Conrad Crist.

City News.

Hotel Robber Convicted.—The hotel robber, James G. Clark, alias Leval, alias Cook, was tried and convicted in the Court of General Sessions on Tuesday, on two seperate bills for burglary in robbing the rooms of two of the boarders at Congress Hall, a short time since. Clark declined the assistance of counsel and defended himself with a tact and ingenuity, which showed that this was not the first time he had plead in *forma pauperis*. In answer to the interrogatories of the Court, he stated that he left Sing Sing on the 29th of August last, having suffered an imprisonment of five years for picking the pockets of a gentleman in New York—that in the year 1834, he was pardoned out of the Walnut Street Prison, having been sentenced to an imprisonment of three years, for an offence committed in this city. He said that he was not addicted to thieving, but that he had been driven to it from a series of domestic misfortunes and afflictions—that he was not entitled to the forbearance of the Court, yet he thought if they would postpone sentencing him until this day, he would draw up a statement of his case, when, perhaps, the Court would deal with him leniently. The Court postponed sentencing until Wednesday morning. Clark is a man advanced in years, with a remarkably good natured countenance, a considerable share of intelligence, and has, from his manner, evidently moved in good society. His speech to the Jury would have put many of the *undistinguished* members of the bar in the shade.

On Wednesday he was sentenced to five years imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary.

Building in the City.—During the year ending Nov. 7, a correspondent of the Gazette says, not less than 446 buildings have been erected in the city of Philadelphia. This is exclusive of permits for remodeling and repairs. In the other districts adjoining the city proper, the proportion is equally large. In 1833, in the city, there were 492 new buildings erected. In 1834, 361—in 1835, 465—in 1836, 360—in 1837, 243—in 1838, 248—in 1839, 383—in 1840, 379. If the above statement is true, there surely has been no want of activity in the building department.

Impudent Robbery.—On Monday evening two respectably dressed young men stopped at the Plough Tavern in Strawberry street, kept by Mr. Elwell, and took lodgings for the night. The following morning, they took breakfast, and contrived to decamp without paying either for that or their lodgings. Shortly after, Mr. Elwell discovered, that a coat, waistcoat, pantaloons, etc. with a bead purse containing $6 were missing, doubtless taken by the absconding lodgers who must have put them on under their own clothes.

A Thieving Domestic.—A colored woman named Mary Mathews, a domestic in a family residing at the corner of Thirteenth and Clover streets, was on Tuesday afternoon brought before Alderman Griscom, on a charge of having stolen on last Saturday, a valuable diamond breast pin, from a lady, an inmate of the family. The Alderman ordered her to find $500 bail for a further hearing or go to prison. Another colored female was also arrested on a charge of being concerned in the same larceny and bound over.

An Officer Attacked by a Vagrant.—On Tuesday last officer Simpson, of West Philadelphia, was considerably bruised by a vagrant that he was about to arrest. He was first knocked down and afterward kicked rather severely. The vagrant afterward made his escape and went on his way. He was, however, captured afterward, and we obtained a squint at him on Chesnut street wharf on Wednesday morning. It was a huge jackass, who had eloped from his owner, a resident, we believe, of Bordentown.

A Novel Slaughter House.—On Friday evening, a drove of sheep were landed at the ferry at Walnut street. Whilst they were being driven up the hill a cart drove amongst them, and ran over one of them. The drover, without more ado, took out his knife and converted the sheep into mutton by cutting its throat.

Housekeepers, Lookout.—The dwelling house of Wm. J. Baker, No. 3 Carlton Square, Callowhill street, above Eleventh, was entered on Tuesday afternoon, and robbed of eight silver teaspoons and one salt spoon. The spoons were old fashioned, and made by C. Cornelius, with the letter B. engraved on them.

"Shooting Stars."—Last Saturday, the 13th, was the anniversary of those brilliant coruscations. Who thought a word about it!

The Cricket Match.—This feat came off at Harding's on Monday, as announced, the Philadelphia Club being victorious.

Almost Finished.—The frigate Mississippi, at our Navy Yard. She was put in colors last week, and looks beautiful.

There was Snow in New York, on Sunday, and a slight sprinkle in this city on Monday.

Financial Record.

United States Bank.—Several citizens have commenced actions against the members of the Board of Directors of the United States Bank, for 1839, for declaring in that year an illegal dividend. The provision of the charter said to be violated is in the following words: "If the Directors of the Bank shall make any dividends which shall impair the capital stock of said bank, the directors consenting thereto, shall be liable in their individual capacities to such corporation for the amount of the stock so divided; and each director present when such dividend shall be made, shall be adjudged to be consenting thereto, unless he forthwith enter his protest on the minutes of the board, and give public notice to the stockholders of the declaring of such dividend."

Wealth of Great Britain.—A petition has lately been presented to the House of Commons, complaining of the present unjust and unequal mode of taxation. It is said that the aggregate amount of moveable and immoveable property in the kingdom, is four hundred billions of pounds sterling, and that a tax of fifteen per cent. on the moveable, and the little tax on each person's interest in immoveable property, would produce a sum that would extinguish three-fourths of the national debt. The petitioner prayed that Parliament would take the subject into consideration.

The Late William Bartlett, Esq. of Newburyport, left to the Andover Institution the sum of $50,000; to his grand-children, twenty-one in number, $20,000 each. His whole estate amounted to the enormous sum of $594,000, most of which he had accumulated by his close attention to business. He retained his faculties in a surprising degree to the last, and died at the advanced age of 93.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Notes.—We learn, says the Baltimore Patriot, that a large number of our business men opened accounts with the Franklin Bank on Tuesday morning in rail-road currency, and that the prospect of the arrangement having a fair trial and a beneficial result is favorable. The discount on the rail-road orders this morning is unsettled.

Georgia Railroad.—The "Western and Atlantic Railroad" of Georgia is now already completed to the Etowah river, fifty-two miles. There has been thus far expended in its construction the sum of $2,181,327. Gov. McDonald urges its vigorous prosecution, and predicts that it will prove very profitable as well as advantageous to the State.

Temple of the Sun.—The jewels of the Temple of the Sun, which were secured at the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards, have been recently discovered. They are valued at $180,000,000!

From Mexico.

We have received, by the Anahuac, Capt. Wilson, files of the "Boletin Official," published in the city of Mexico, and verbal intelligence from Vera Cruz to the 13th ult., being five days later than before received, as above.

A severe battle had been fought between the forces of Bustamente and those under Santa Anna, on the 3d ult., which resulted in the complete overthrow of the former.

Santa Anna, the pseudo "Napolen of the West," was proclaimed President, or Supreme Dictator, on the 7th, by his party.

It is stated in the "Boletin Official" that the new administration will be "temporarily invested with power to do good and avoid evil!"

The new government will be assisted by a council, the members of which are to be chosen by the people of the different departments, subject though to the dictation of Santa Anna.

All the supreme powers established by the constitution of 1836, except that of the judges, will cease.

Considerable excitement prevailed in Vera Cruz. All were in bodily fear of Santa Anna.

It is the intention of the new dictator to open a war immediately with Texas and Yucatan. He was to organize an army to march upon those republics.

Late from Florida.

A letter to the editor of the St. Augustine News dated "Mineral Springs, (Fla.) Oct. 31," says:

I hasten to give you an account of recent murders committed by our savage foes, on the family of one of our most respectable citizens. On Sunday night (17th inst.) between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock, the house of Mr. George Overstreet, distant 10 miles from this place, and on the west bank of the Suwannee river, in Hamilton county, was fired on by a party of Indians, supposed to number about fifteen. Two of Mr. G. Overstreet's children were killed, and his wife and two children wounded. Two of Mr. Silas Overstreet's children were in the house at the time, but escaped unhurt.

Dr. Raglin who was also in the house at the same time is mortally wounded, having received three balls in his body. He immediately fled from the house, but from the loss of blood, was unable to proceed more than three hundred yards, where he secreted himself until morning. Mr. Overstreet, his lady, and two wounded children fled, and made good their escape. Mrs. O. and her two children who are wounded, were shot with arrows. This is almost conclusive proof that the ammunition of the Indians must be nearly exhausted. The Indians plundered the house and then applied the torch, burning it to the ground, with the lifeless bodies of Mr. O.'s two children in it. Mr. O. who was well situated in life, and who had every thing comfortable around him, is now, with his wounded wife and two children, thrown upon the world with scarcely a change of clothes.

John Bryant, the Whig candidate, is elected over James Bell, (Democrat,) for the lower branch of the Legislative Council, from Hamilton county.

Correspondence of the Savannah Georgian.

Milledgeville, 8th Nov. 1841.

A bill to repeal the "act regulating the intercourse between the Banks of this State and other institutions, and brokers, has passed in the Senate.

November 9.

For the last few days, bills chiefly of a local character have been disposed of in both Houses. Bills touching general and important interests are now concocting in committees, and we may expect that in the course of a week, some of them will be introduced for the action of the Legislature.

*This the four per cent. law.

A Fatal Accident, and Singular Discovery of a Drowned Person.

The Kingston, U. C. Chronicle of a late date, says, "On Saturday last, Mr. Lavery, who kept a tavern at Kingston Mills, was returning with his wife in a skiff from Wolfe Island, where they had been visiting a relative, and having set a sail was in the act of lowering it at the second bay below Cedar Island, when losing his balance he fell into the water, which was rough at the time; his wife was unable to manage the boat, which was half full of water, and it drifted with her on a ledge of rocks. Mr. Laver struggled for a few moments on his back within 30 yards of shore, but having a flushing coat on, and boots, he sank, calling out to his wife 'quick! quick! save me!'—he disappeard before her eyes. Four men of the Light Company 14th Regt.—Corporals Isett and Mullens and Privates Addison and High—went to her assistance, having heard her cries at dusk as she stood at a distance from any house, and up to the knees in water holding on by her boat. She was brought to Fort Frederick and every assistance tendered her. On the two following days, drags having been supplied from the Dock Yard, several men of the Light Company searched diligently for the body, and at last found it, by following an old hunter's receipt, (Mr. T. McConnell's) namely, 'floating a piece of White Cedar down the stream near the supposed place of drowning, and watching where it stopped and whirled round'—the chip on the occasion, from some mysterious attraction, whirled round for upwards of a minute in 12 feet water, and the corpse was seen immediately below and dragged up.

We learn that the Magistrates now in General Quarter Session assembled, have directed the Treasurer to pay the sum of 40s. to the four soldiers above mentioned, as a reward for their praiseworthy conduct on this occasion."

Shocking Accident.

An accident of the most deplorable and melancholy nature, causing the death of a young and beautiful female, occurred in the upper part of New York, on Monday morning. The facts are as follows:—

Mr. Noble, a master mason on the Croton Works, residing in Eighty-sixth street, having heard that persons had threatened to attack his house, has recently been in the habit of keeping loaded pistols in readiness in case of such an event. On Monday morning some friends called to see him, and these pistols were lying on a chair, and one of the gentlemen without perceiving them sat upon them; but at the request of Mr. Noble, who said they were loaded, immediately got up, and Mr. N. took one of them up to show it and raised the hammer. While in this position his finger slipped, and the hammer coming down upon the cap, which remained in the socket, the charge exploded, and horrible to state, the ball with which the pistol was loaded struck his daughter, Jane Noble, who was standing two or three yards off, in the right side of the head, passing through the brain and causing instant death.

The unfortunate young lady was about twenty-two years of age, and was universally beloved, as her untimely end will be deplored. The wretched father is in a state of frenzy, and it is very questionable if he ever recovers his reason.

An inquest was held upon the body of the deceased, and the Jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to her death by the accidental discharge of a loaded pistol in the hands of her father.

The above adds another to the numerous dreadful warnings against the careless handling of loaded fire-arms.

Locked Jaw.

A distressing case of Locked Jaw is recorded in a late number of the Barnstable (Mass.) Patriot. It appears that a Master Gorham Baker, aged 14 years, of South Yarmouth, in vigorous health, lost the second toe of his right foot in consequence of the end of it being jammed off between the bowsprit of one vessel and the railing of another on which he was standing. The toe was then amputated at the second joint. At the end of a week, having taken cold, he began to complain of a sense of stiffness about the neck and jaw, and of numbness in his right leg. Directly his jaws were closed, so that they could not be separated, and spasms seized him in various parts of his body and limbs every few minutes for days and nights in succession. The slightest attempt to move, speak, or take drink, caused the flesh to become stiffened by spasms, and it to be as hard as a board. The sufferings he endured were intense and protracted; still his mind remained unimpaired, and he was conscious from the first attack that his disease would prove fatal. Notwithstanding the assiduous application of various medical agents, the remedies in this, as in almost all cases on record, were unavailing, and the malady steadily increased till the 3d instant, when it terminated in death.

Ancient Canoe.

An English paper states that about a fortnight since, as some men were engaged in digging stones in a bog, in the county of Waterford, they discovered a kind of canoe, which from its extraordinary shape and rude workmanship, admits of little doubt as to its having been formed by very ancient navigators. It was hewn out of the trunk of a large oak tree, sufficiently large to bear up three persons, being eight and a half feet in length, and two feet, ten inches in breadth, and round on the bottom. It was found embedded in turf mould, and surrounded by large stones.

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb	8a 9	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a10
" middling,	5a 8	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	56a62½
" Corned,	6a 8	Wheat " "	94a$1
Veal,	5a 8	Buckwheat, "	62a75
Mutton,	5a 6	Butter, lb.	20a25
Lamb, per qr.	75a87½	" Tub, "	16a18
Pork, fresh, per lb.	5a 7	Lard, "	10a12½
" pickled, "	6a 8	Smearcase, qt.	5a 6
Hams, Jersey,	10a12½	Cheese, "	6a12½
Jowls,	4a 6	Eggs, per doz.	22a25
Dried Beef,	10a12½	Pears, ½ peck,	10a14
Beef's Tongue,	50a62½	Apples, ½ pk.	10a18½
Pigs, whole,	50a$1	Potatoes, "	6a 7
Pigs' Feet, set,	10a12½	Tomatoes, qr. peck.	4a 6
Sheep Tongues, doz.	18a25	Sweet Potatoes, "	6a 7
Fresh Tripe, per lb.	4a 6	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Sausages, stuffed, lb.	7a 8	Pickles, per 100,	31a37½
" Jersey,	10a12½	Beets, bunch,	2a 5
Blood Pudding,	7a 8	Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Souse Cheese, lb	8a10	Turnips, qr. peck,	5a 6
Scrapple, per lb.	5a 6	Onions, rope,	5a 7
Fowls, pair,	56a75	Lima Beans,	8a10
Chickens, pair,	37a50	Dried Peaches, ½ pk.	31a44
" " Live,	31a50	" Apples, ½ pk.	25a31½
Turkeys,	75a$1½	Sand Peas,	7a 8
Pigeons, pair,	25a31½	Horseradish, root,	2a 3
Ducks, pair,	62a75	Hominy, quart,	8a10
Geese,	50a75	Honey, per lb.	14a15
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Cabbage, head,	3a 5
Rabbits,	12a15	Rhubarb, bunch,	4a 5
Opossum,	20a30	Cellery, "	3a 4
Salmon, pickled, lb.	11a12½	Egg Plants, "	5a 6
" fresh,	20a25	Radishes, bunch,	1a 2
" dry, lb.	23a25	Peppers, basket,	20a25
Pickled Cod,	4a 5	Pickles, "	25a37½
Fresh, "	7a 8	Preserving Melon,	6a10
Flounders,	7a 9	Dried Cherries, qt.	7a 8
Perch, string,	12a31½	Cranberries, qt.	8a10
Rock, lb.	12a37½	Chesnuts, per qt.	8a10
Lobsters, live, lb.	8a10	Chinquapins, "	10a12½
Terrapins, doz.	$3a$4	Walnuts, "	5a 6
Oysters, Bay, 100	20a30	Shellbarks, per qt.	5a 6
" Tangiers,	50a75	Hazelnuts,	8a10
Eels, per string,	6a12	Parsimons,	5a 6
Crabs, per doz.	18a25	Balsam, each,	3a 4

Every week increases the amount of Poultry in the market, and shows it of better quality. Geese, Ducks and Chickens are quite abundant, and some few Turkeys. Beef continues at the reduced price noticed last week, and is of excellent quality. Vegetables are much in the amount as last week. Fruit, especially apples, is more plenty, and of better quality, in consequence of an arrival of a cargo from Maine. Fish and Oysters are also more abundant than previously, and in greater variety.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

Bark—Market inactive. A sale of Quercitron has been made at $27. 50 per ton.

Cotton—Prices are steady, but the demand has rather fallen off this week.

Coffee—Market quiet, and the sales only to a limited extent at previous rates.

Flour and Meal—Owing to the continuance of uncommonly small supplies of Flour, with a fair demand, prices have again advanced, and on Tuesday there was very little Flour for sale in the market. Sales on Saturday at $6.37½ a6.50, and on Monday at $6.50 to $6.75 per bbl for standard brands Penna. for export, and Brandywine at $6.87½. On Tuesday holders asked $6.75 for Penna. and $7 for Brandywine Flour. Rye Flour—The market is bare—Small sales at $3.75 per bbl. Corn Meal—A sale in hhds at $14; rates in bbls at $3.87½, now held at $3 for Penna. Meal.

Grain—The advance in the price of Flour has produced a corresponding advance in Wheat; sales of several lots good to prime Penna. red at $1.37, 1.38a1.40, and white at $1.40 per bushel afloat. Sales of Southern at $1.37a1.38 afloat. Rye—A sale of Southern at 67 cts. Corn—Demand active and the supplies are falling off; sales of Penna. gourd seed at 64 and round at 67a68 cts. Southern flat yellow at 64a65, and white at 62a63 cts closing at the highest rates. Oats—Scarce—sales of Southern at 43 cts afloat.

Provisions—The market has not varied since our last weekly report, and the transactions continue limited.

Sugars—The demand continues rather limited—sales of Cuba Muscovado at 6½ to 7, Porto Rico 7a7½ cts per lb.

Teas—By auction a catalogue was offered and disposed of.

Whiskey—In hhds is held at 18a18½ cts, and in bbls at 20 cts—demand limited.—*North American.*

Suicide by an Indian.

The Menomonie Indian, says the Green Bay Republican, confined in the jail of this county some six weeks, on a charge of murder, committed suicide by hanging himself to the grate of his cell, on Wednesday last. Until the day previous he had been remarkably cheerful, and evidently unconcerned about his trial. On that day, however, the grand jury found a bill against him for manslaughter, which was magnified into something portentous of his fate by those who desired his conviction; one of whom informed the prisoner through the grates that he was to be hung, the jury had found him guilty.

This threw at once a cloud over the hopes before entertained by him, and doubtless instigated him thus to end his life, choosing rather thus to die than by the hand of the executioner. He had no fear of death—pride caused him to shrink from the idea of "dying the death of a dog." He is the third Menomonee Indian who has ended his career in this same way, and in the same cells—all, too, marked with the same deliberation—and all, too, dreading a public execution. Nothing could have been done more deliberately; the grate to which was tied the fatal instrument—a silk handkerchief—was wound with a rag to prevent it from being cut off.

ALMANAC.

Nov. 1841.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases.		
20 Saturday,	7 10	4 50	7 51			
21 Sunday,	7 11	4 49	8 32		D. H. M.	
22 Monday,	7 12	4 48	9 13			
23 Tuesday,	7 13	4 47	9 54			
24 Wednesday,	7 14	4 46	10 37	Last	5 11 29	
25 Thursday,	7 15	4 45	11 23	New	13 12 44	
26 Friday,	7 15	4 45	12 12	First	21 1 24	
27 Saturday,	7 16	4 44	12 50	Full	28 1 49	

Married,

On Thursday morning, 11th inst. by the Rev. G. B. Ide, Mr. Abijah B. Warden, to Jane A. Beldon, daughter of the late Hosea W. Beldon, all of this city.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Thos. Brainard, Mr. John Lentz, of Montgomery county, to Miss Mary Ann Eager, of Southwark.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Grant, Mr. Henry H. Brown, to Miss Elizabeth Van Horn, both of Philada.

On the 23d ult. at Galena, Illinois, by the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, Chas. F. Potts, of Wisconsin Territory, late of Philadelphia, to Miss Roxina Burnett, of Galena, and late of Springfield, Mass.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Daniel Dodge, John C. Stinson, to Miss Rebecca N. Guyer, both of Philada.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. John Todd, James Beach, to Miss Amanda Barber, both of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. C. C. Vanarsdale, James Greer, to Margaret, daughter of Samuel Young.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. D. Bigler, Mr. Wm. Evernart, of Warminster, Bucks county, Pa. to Miss Susan, daughter of the late John Stow, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Isaac W. Hayhurst, Mr. Jacob Gouldy, to Miss Sarah Ann Grobbie, both of Philadelphia.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. A. Atwood, Peter Bishop Stewart, to Ann C. Gibbs, all of this city.

On the 11th instant, at Friends' Meeting House, on Mulberry street, B. Wyatt Wistar, to Annabella E. Cresson, daughter of the late Caleb Cresson, all of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Clay, Wm. Hunter, of Passyunk, to Margaret Holstein, of Kingsessing.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Wm. Ewing, to Hannah Clark, both of Delaware county.

On the 23d of October, at Trinity Church, St. Mary-le-bone, London, by the Rev. Mr. Kemp, Captain Augustus Canfield, of the U. S. Army, to Mary Sophia, daughter of Gen. Cass, American Minister at Paris.

At Friends' Meeting House, Lombard street, Baltimore, on Fourth-day, the 10th inst. Caleb H. Needles, of this city, to Anna Maria, daughter of John Needles, of the former place.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, Matthew H. McEwen, to Eleanor P. Simes, both of this place.

On Thursday evening, 11th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Carroll, Mr. James Gore, to Sarah, daughter of the late William White, all of the Northern Liberties.

At New York, on Thursday, the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Peck, Otis G. Corbett, of that city, to Miss Josephine, youngest daughter of Charles A. Merris, Esq. of Philadelphia.

In Washington, on Thursday evening, the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Donellan, Hugh B. Sweeney, Esq. to Eliza Hall, adopted daughter of Dr. Frederick Hall.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, Capt. Chas. Ogle, of this port, to Miss Maria, daughter of the late George C. Lentner, Esq. of West Philadelphia.

On the 9th ult. by Henry Leech Esq. of West Philadelphia, Mr. Samuel Crowley, to Miss Abi Ann Wilson, both of Egg Harbor, N. J.

On the 11th instant, by the same, Mr. Steven Leigh, to Miss Sarah Ann Jones, both of Blockley Township, Philadelphia.

On the 29th of April, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, Mr. C. Massey, to Miss Catharine K. McElwee, all of this city.

In Springfield, Tennessee, on the evening of the 29th ult. by the Rev. D. K. Harris, Wm. L. Foster, Attorney at Law, of Nashville, to Miss Susan L. eldest daughter of Gen. Richard Cheatham.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Wm. C. Thomas, James H. Bryson, Lancaster, Pa. to Emma Cooper, of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. T. M. Boggs, George Bynon, Esq. to Miss Martha Campbell, both of Elizabethtown, Pa.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. James Rhodes, of Chester county, Pa. to Miss Catharine Cassone, of Philadelphia county.

In Boston, on Thursday evening, 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Jenks, Mr. John Henry Ginter, of Philada. to Miss Mary Ann Beriford, of North Bridgewater.

At Rochester, N. Y. on the 10th inst. by the Rev. James E. Shaw, Thomas E. Hastings, of the firm of Manor & Hastings, Syracuse, to Julia A. Burr, of the former place.

Also, Alfred S. Barnes, of the firm of A. S. Barnes & Co. of this city, to Harriet E. Burr, of Rochester.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. Thos. Humes, to Mrs. Eleanor Sinclair.

Died,

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Sophia Schell, widow of the late Lewis Schell, in the 84th year of her age.

On the 15th inst. Peter M. son of Henry and Louisa M. Byle, aged 3 months.

On the 30th ult. on board the steamboat Eliza, on her passage from St. Louis to New Orleans, Mrs. Mary, consort of Mr. Benj. DeBar, late of the St. Louis and American (N. Orleans theatres; formerly Mrs. Conduit, of the Chesnut street theatre.

Suddenly, on the 11th instant, Fortune Chapin, in the 60th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. James Black, in the 76th year of his age.

On the 9th inst. Phineas Taylor, in the 35th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. Hannah Laverty, in the 73d year of her age.

On the 9th inst. Clementine Lindsay Price, aged 10 months and 21 days, daughter of Samuel A. and Sarah Price, of Chester, Delaware county.

Near St. Louis, on the 24th of Sept. last, of intermittent bilious fever, Simeon Toby, of this city.

On the 12th inst. Nicholas Burns, of this city, in the 78th year of his age.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. Mary Cowdrick, in the 73d year of her age.

On the 7th inst. Mr. Sophia Taylor, in the 93d year of her age.

On the 12th inst. of consumption, in the 40th year of his age, Patrick Barr.

On the 12th inst. of consumption, in the 27th year of his age, Robert Maloney.

On the 11th inst. Stillman S. Slack, in the 24th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. at his residence, Manayunk, Wm. M. Egbert, M. D.

On Saturday morning, 13th inst. Charles King.

On Saturday morning, 13th instant, in the 5th year of his age, P. Wager, son of Wm. Badger.

On the 12th instant, after a short illness, Miss Harriet Elizabeth Evans, aged 17 years.

On the 12th instant, Susan, daughter of Francis S. and Charlotte Johnston, aged 6 years and 3 months.

On the 10th instant, Mr. George S. Ashton, in the 23d year of his age.

At Picolata, East Florida, on the 23d ult. Captain Hezekiah Gardner, of the 3d Regiment U. S. Artillery.

In New London, Conn. on the 23d ult. Captain James Chapman, aged 82 years.

On Tuesday, the 2d inst. at Philadelphia, Miss Ann Hall, of this city, eldest daughter of the late Charles Hall, of Sunbury, Pa.

Suddenly, on the 16th inst. Mrs. Mary Ann Carman, daughter of Mr. John Felt, in the 36th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. Mr. David Ginther, in the 53d year of his age.

On the 14th inst. Lewis Griffith, in the 33d year of his age.

On the 15th inst. after a severe illness, Edward Roberts, aged 18 years.

On the 14th inst. of consumption, Mrs. Sidney Parker, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 15th instant, in the 3d year of her age, Augusta, youngest child of Arch'd and Ann Edmonston.

On the 15th inst. in the 5th year of his age, Callander Irvine, eldest son of Arch Campbell.

At the residence of his brother, Jonathan Jenkins, in Camden, Del. on the 14th inst. Holliday Jenkins, of this city, in the 34th year of his age.

At Lexington, Ky. on the 4th inst. Mrs. Maria C. wife of Benj. Gratz, Esq. formerly of this city.

On the 6th inst. Clement, son of Joseph and M. Elizabeth Pepper.

On the 8th inst. Charles F. Dodge, son of Nathan and Hannah Dodge.

On the 8th instant, after a lingering illness, Mr. Martin Gatter, in the 72d year of his age.

On the 7th instant, after a short illness, Mrs. Lurania Nichols, in the 83d year of his age.

Health Office, Nov. 13, 1841.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington

From the 6th to the 13th of November.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess Lumbs,	1	0	Brought over,	30	21
Apoplexy,	1	0	—Scarlet,	0	1
Croup,	0	4	Inflammation of Bronchi,	0	2
Congestion of Brain,	0	2	—Lungs,	1	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	13	3	—Heart,	1	0
Convulsions,	2	7	Ileus,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	0	1	Intemperance,	2	0
Dropsy,	4	0	Inanition,	0	1
—Abdominal,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	3
—Head,	0	1	Menorrhagia,	1	0
—Breast,	1	1	Old Age,	6	0
Disease of Heart,	1	0	Palsy,	1	0
Drowned,	1	0	Scrofula,	0	2
Dysentery,	2	0	Small Pox,	6	6
Debility,	0	1	Still Born,	0	4
Fever, Congestive,	1	0	Spitting of Blood,	1	0
—Bilious,	0	1	Ulceration of Throat,	0	1
—Nervous,	1	0	Varioloid,	0	1
—Typhoid,	1	0	Violence,	0	2
Carried over,	30	21	Total, 97—	50	47

Of the above there were 10 from the almshouse, and 9 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,

SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Nov.	7,	40	48	48
	8,	42	46	48
	9,	40	45	48
	10,	40	43	44
	11,	39	43	45
	12,	48	49	50
	13,	44	48	49

WARRANTED pure Ground WHITE LEAD. The increased consumption of WETHERILL & BROTHER'S pure ground White Lead has arisen, the manufacturers flatter themselves from its known excellence and purity. And the accumulated demand whilst it affords to them the best reward for their efforts to sustain the Character of the American article, renders it necessary at the same time, that they should apologise to their friends at a distance, whose orders are not so promptly filled as usual. By redoubling their diligence, they hope to keep pace with the increasing call.
nov 20-3m

STAMMERING CURED, and Instruction given in Elocution by *Dr. A. Comstock*, No 100 Mulberry street, Philadelphia. nov 20 1y*

SECOND VOLUME OF THE CHRISTIAN WORLD,
A Monthly Publication—Designed for all Denominations of Christians.
EDITOR'S ADDRESS,
T. H. STOCKTON, Philadelphia.

The first volume of this work closed with the number for September. It was generally and warmly commended, for its typographical beauty, its charitable spirit, and the varied merits of its correspondence. Its subscription list is already sufficient to sustain it, and would probably increase to the ordinary course of publication; but there is reason to believe, that, with suitable extra effort, it may be made more than usually large. To gain time for this, to secure the advantage of a commencement of the volume with the opening of the year; and to provide such improvements as will render the work still more attractive and useful than it has yet been,—it is intended that the first number of the second volume shall be dated, January, 1842. The date, however, may be anticipated a few weeks by the actual publication—for the purpose of exhibiting a specimen of the proposed improvement.

The attention of the public is very respectfully solicited to the following statements, illustrative of the character of this periodical.

I. ITS OBJECT.
The "CHRISTIAN WORLD" is devoted to the advancement of ALL CHRISTIAN INTERESTS.

II. ITS PLAN.
This contemplates four main departments:—1. *Bible Christianity*. 2. *General Christianity*. 3. *Collections of Christianity*. 4. *A Christian Miscellany*. As far as practicable, the first will be occupied by original and independent expositions of the Religion of Christ, as found in the Bible: the second, by original sketches of all Churches and Benevolent Institutions—each association to be represented by competent authority of its own; the third by original reviews, on strict Christian principles, of such subjects as the Government, Literature, Philosophy, Science, and Art of the World; and the fourth by geographical, historical, and biographical characters, events, descriptions, poetry, anecdotes, aphorisms, general intelligence, statistics, &c.

III. ITS MEANS.
1. A choice circle of correspondents, qualified by ample personal accomplishments and social connections and restrictions, to furnish all departments, richly, with constant communications. The first volume contained contributions from *thirty writers*—including eighteen ministers of the Gospel, some of whom are of high reputation—representing, in whole, *eleven* Christian denominations. The second volume, it is expected, will show a yet larger array of distinguished and influential names. Important articles, from new sources, have already been received. An Agent, now in England, and who may remain there nearly a year, will, it is hoped, make such arrangements as shall attach to the work a valuable *British Correspondence*. Efforts will also be made to secure the services of missionaries and other religious agents in all regions of the globe. In a word, it is designed that all suitable appliances shall be used, both at home and abroad, to command a regular and full supply of the most instructive and brilliant productions.

2. An extensive selection of the most valuable periodical and occasional publications, American and Foreign—especially such as may be consulted as organs of the interests and institutions comprehended in the Plan. A highly important exchange list has already been formed, embracing most of the weekly, monthly, and quarterly issues in our own country appropriate to such an enterprise. Whatever is yet necessary to the completion of this list, may be easily procured. Meantime, the English Agent, it is expected, will provide for itself for the regular transmission of books, magazines, newspapers, reports, and all desirable documents from that quarter. These resources, therefore, are likely to be abundant.

IV. STYLE AND TERMS OF PUBLICATION.
1. Style.—As heretofore, one number, of eight pages in large quarto form, enclosed in a cover, will be published every month. If the increased circulation shall justify the expense, the pages will be multiplied, or the Nos. issued more frequently. It was generally acknowledged, the *first volume*, in respect of its appearance, was unsurpassed, the *second*, probably, will be unequalled.

2. Embellishments.—Among the improvements contemplated, may be mentioned the introduction of useful engravings. The January No. will be adorned with a fine print, from a London plate, of the Plan of Jerusalem, from a drawing by Catherwood. Three thousand and five hundred impressions were taken expressly for the Christian World, under the superintendence of Mr. Catherwood, just before his recent embarkation with Mr. Stevens, on their return to Central America. It was this Plan that Mr. Stevens so highly commended, in his "Incidents of Travel in the Holy Land," &c. as an accurate guide to the interesting localities within and around the "Holy City." As such embellishments are very expensive, the frequency of their appearance will depend on the profits of the work.

3. Terms.—One copy $1 25 per annum, *five copies, $5—always in advance. No orders need be sent without the money. Postmasters will frank letters with remittances.*

4. City Subscribers.—These will be served by careful hands, and will be expected to make payment on delivery of the first number. *No subscription received for less than a year.*

Agents and subscribers are requested to send in their orders as soon as possible. One chief design of this announcement, at this juncture, is, to ascertain, as nearly as practicable, what will be the increased demand for the new and improved volume.

☞ As it is peculiarly desirable to obtain a Large Circulation to this city, a number of persons have been requested to receive the names of Subscribers, and have kindly given their consent. It is hoped that the first mentioned places will be convenient to the members of the Churches whose interests they represent:—

RELIGIOUS DEPOSITORIES.
1. Presbyterian Depository of Board of Publication—Corner of 7th and George streets.
2. Protestant Episcopal Depository—5th st. 3d door above Chesnut, W. S.
3. Baptist Publication and Sunday School Depository—No. 21 S. 4th st. above Chesnut, E. S.
4. Methodist Episcopal Book Store—No. 39½ N. 4th st. next door to the Union Church.
5. Tract Depository—No. 13 N. 7th st. E. S.
In addition to the above places the following BOOK STORES are named, as equally convenient:
1. J. Whetham & Son—Chesnut, above 4th, S. S.
2. Henry Perkins—Chesnut, 1st door above the United States Bank.
3. J. Kay & Brother—Chesnut, below 4th, S. S.
4. Orrin Rogers—67 S. 2d st. below Chesnut, E. S.
5. J. B. Lippincott & Co.—S. W. corner of Race and 4th sts.
6. W. S. Young—Race, above 5th st. N. S.
☞ PUBLICATION OFFICE—No. 33 Carter's Alley.
☞ It will be remembered that *City Subscribers are not required to make payment until the delivery of the first number.*
☞ As the volume is to commence with the New Year, an opportunity will be afforded for citizens and strangers to make presents, at once beautiful and useful, to their friends, near or remote.
☞ On suitable conditions, a few *first rate Collectors* will be employed. Apply at the Publication Office, 33 Carter's Alley. None need apply but such as are accustomed to the business and can be well recommended.
PREMIUMS.—At the places referred to, *Extras* may be obtained containing a list of PREMIUMS offered for the collection of Subscriptions. tt

DEAFNESS Cured—Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil, for the cure of DEAFNESS, pains and the discharge of matter from the ears, also all of those disagreeable noises like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c. which are symptoms of approaching deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. This medicine has been used in this country about one year, and so wonderful has been its effects in curing and relieving the deaf, that it is now offered to the public, that all may have an opportunity of proving its efficiency. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets being made perfectly well. Physicians and Surgeons highly recommend its use.
Read the following, selected from a great number of a similar character:—
Messrs. Editors—Deafness is a disease which has hitherto been considered incurable, but I can inform the public that it is a mistaken idea—I have been deaf for two years, and concluded that I must remain so, but not many months since I saw in your paper an advertisement of SCARPA'S OIL, for deafness, by Dr. Jayne, 20 south Third street. As a last resort I concluded to try it, and now I am happy to say, I can hear as well as any one. Two of my friends have also used it; one was so deaf that he used an ear trumpet; now he hears perfectly well without it—the other was very much troubled with noises in the ears and head, and he at once found relief and is well. One bottle cured me, which I thought getting well pretty cheap. Yours, &c. SILAS RUGBEE, Second street below Pine.
Prepared only by B. Bell, and FOR SALE wholesale and retail, by Dr. JAYNE, No. 20 south THIRD street, and H. C. BLAIR, corner of EIGHTH and WALNUT streets, Philadelphia; also by most of the Druggists in the city. Price $1 per bottle. nov 20-3m

A STAMMERER CURED.
Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1841.
Mr. Editor,—For nearly twenty years I was an inveterate stammerer. The habit was contracted when I was four years old, in consequence of the severe treatment of a schoolmaster. Being anxious to have a cure effected, if possible, but almost despairing I placed myself, six weeks ago, under the care of Dr. Andrew Comstock, of this city; and the result has been a most happy one. Since the third day after I entered his Vocal Gymnasium, I have been able to converse with friends and strangers, without any impediment whatever. I unhesitatingly recommend all who stammer to make a trial of Dr. C's mode of treatment. It is founded on philosophical principles, and I feel confident, if persevered in, will always produce the same beneficial results as in my own case. I shall reside, during the winter, at No. 200 Arch street, where I shall be happy to receive a visit from any who may desire further information on the subject. Respectfully,
LEVI S. YATES, of Williamstown, N. C.
tt Student of Medicine in the University of Penna.

NICKINS, HAIR CUTTER,
Number 107 North Sixth Street.
Particular attention paid to the cutting of Children's Hair.

MUSEUM OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.—Contents of the November number.
1. The Spanish Gypsies, *Blackwood's Magazine*.
2. Meeting of the British Association—Balloons—Photography, Preparation—Recording Shocks of Earthquakes—Whewell Bridge—Vital Statistics—Manures as Stimulants—Habits of the Eel—Plants destroyed by Animal Exhalation—Polytechnic School—Floating Breakwater, *Athenæum*.
3. D'Israeli's Amenities of Literature, *Spectator*.
4. Summer, a tale of Mesmerism, do.
5. Mr. Colquhoun on Highland Sports, do.
6. The great Continental Swindling Company, *Britannia*.
7. Theodore Hook, *Bentley*.
8. The Lowell Offering, *Athenæum*.
9. Education in Italy, *Foreign Quarterly*.
10. Translation of the Holy Scriptures, *Britannia*.
11. Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship, do.
12. Milman's History of Christianity, *Fraser's Magazine*.
13. Cheap Board and Education, *Chamber's Journal*.
14. Barnaby Rudge, Chap. 57 to 63. *Sec.*
15. Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon, Chap. 108 to 113, *Dublin University Magazine*.
16. Miss Martineau's "Play Fellow," *Chamber's Journal*.
17. The Assault on Fort Erie, *United Service Journal*.
18. Mid Watch in a Merchantman, do.
19. Geological Phenomena of the Falls of Niagara, *Christian Observer*.
20. The Senator of Bremen, *New Monthly Magazine*.
21. Remarkable Trial at Gibraltar, *Chambers Journal*.
Poetry.—The Fine Old English Gentleman (new version), La Nostalgie, The Contrasts, a ballad, L. E. L., Rise up my Cronies, The Love o' Aulden Days.
Miscellany.—The American Repeal Association, New Opera House at Paris, Phantasy from Mental Association, A Fit, The Brook Turkey, Distress The German Language, Melting Quartz, Anecdote of Book, Suspended Memory, Bettina Von Arnim, Cholera in Camp, Facts on Malaria, Breach of Promise.
Price 50 cents a number, or $6 dollars a year.
The Museum contains the best articles in the whole body of Foreign Periodical Literature. Every monthly number is equal in quantity of matter to an octavo volume. It is handsomely *printed on good paper*. Subscribers at a distance who cannot conveniently send six dollars, had better send $5 in part payment. Orders gratefully received and promptly attended to by
E. LITTELL & Co.
nov 13 tf 207 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS WHO BUY FOR CASH. *New Hat, Cap, and Fur Manufactory, No. 8 South 3d street, 4 doors below Market, West side.*
The subscribers, importers of *Furs* and Practical manufacturers of *Hats* and Caps of every description, would invite the attention of merchants who pay cash, and wish to get the worth of their money, to their establishment, where they will find their goods fully ten per cent. lower than at any other in the city, and for the obvious reason, their terms being *Cash*, they are not under the necessity of charging those who pay an extra profit to make up the losses on those who do not.
RAYMOND & DE YOUNG,
nov 6 3m No. 8 South Third street.

ILLINOIS Land Agency for payment of Taxes, redeeming Lands sold for Taxes, examining records, &c.
A. W. Brown at Joliet (on the Ills. and Michigan Canal) will attend to the above business, and refers to
Hon. S. M. Roberts, Senator from Illinois.
E. P. Hurlbut, Esq. 73 Cedar street, N. Y.
Wm. B. Ogden, Arnold & Ogden, Scammon & Judd, } Chicago, Ills.
Rt. Rev. Bishop Chase, Robins Nest, Ills. June 5-3m

DAVID EVANS' Patent Water and Provision Coolers, Filterers, Fire Proof Iron Chests, Doors and Hoisting Machines, manufactured and sold at No. 76 south Second street, south-west corner of Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.
D. Evans still continues to manufacture his Patent Water and Provision Coolers, or Refrigerators, Filterers, &c. of which there are upward of 300 in successful operation. The price of Refrigerators varies from 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 25, 30 to 40 dollars. My Refrigerators are made without the use of wood, which in all cases, when used, causes provisions to smell and taste, when ice is used in them for culinary purposes. All persons purchasing Filterers, should see them tried with foul water before buying, as there are some Filterers made at low prices that will purify water for a short time, and then become foul. My Filterers in all cases are warranted to purify the water for the term of two years, and if used properly, may last from eight to ten years.
He also continues to manufacture his Patent Hoisting Machines, both double and single, of which there are now upward of 100 in operation in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans Mobile, &c. &c. and as an evidence of their superiority, he refers to those whom he has sold them to, the fact that no accident has ever occurred in the use of them.
He likewise manufactures Fire Proof Iron Chests, (without using wood or plank of any kind,) for the safe keeping of books, papers, money, jewellery, silver plate, &c. lined with a composition calculated to resist the greatest degree of heat, with superior Locks, and finished in the best manner.
Always on hand, Fire Proof Doors, Truck Wagons, Vault Grates, Stoves, &c. all manufactured of the best material and most approved construction.
The public are respectfully invited to call and examine the above articles before purchasing elsewhere. ja 23-1y

WM. W. FOUCHE, Dentist, No. 70 North Sixth street, below Race street, where all operations appertaining to *Dental Surgery* will be performed on the most modern and approved principles, and on terms perfectly satisfactory.
Fouche's Vegetable Tooth Powder, and Gum Restorative, for the cure of scurvy and removal of all extraneous substances from the teeth, price 25 cents a box. my 1-1y

THE BEST METHOD FOR THE ABOLITION OF DISEASE IS TO CLEANSE AND PURIFY THE BODY.
WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, of the North American College of Health, are now acknowledged to be the best medicine in the world for the cure of
EVERY VARIETY OF DISEASE.
Because they completely cleanse the stomach and bowels from those bilious and corrupt humors which are the cause not only of head ache, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, pains in the bones, rheumatism and gout, but of every malady incident to man.
SAID INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
Are a certain cure for intermittent remittent, nervous, inflammatory and putrid Fevers, because they cleanse the body from those morbid humors, which, when confined to the circulation, are the cause of all kinds of
FEVERS.
So, also, when the same impurity is deposited on the membrane and muscle, causing pains, inflammations and swellings, called RHEUMATISM, GOUT, &c.
The Indian Vegetable Pills may be relied on as always certain to give relief, and if persevered with according to directions, will most assuredly, and without fail, make a perfect cure of the above painful maladies. From three to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time so completely rid the body from every thing that is opposed to health, that Rheumatism, Gout, and pain of every description, will be literally
DRIVEN FROM THE BODY.
For the same reason, when, from sudden changes of atmosphere or any other cause, the perspiration is checked, and the humors which should pass off by the skin are thrown inwardly, causing HEADACHE, GIDDINESS,
Nausea and sickness, pain in the bones, watery and inflamed eyes, sore throat, hoarseness, coughs, consumptions, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, and many other symptoms of CATCHING COLD.
The Indian Vegetable Pills will invariably give immediate relief. From three to six of said pills, taken every night on going to bed, will, in a short time, not only remove all the above unpleasant symptoms, but the body will, in a short time, be restored to even sounder health than before. The same may be said of ASTHMA,
Or Difficulty of Breathing. The Indian Vegetable Pills will loosen and carry off by the stomach and bowels those tough phlegmy humors which stop up the air cells of the lungs, and are the cause, not only of the above distressing complaint, but when neglected, often terminates in that still more dreadful malady, called CONSUMPTION.
It should be also remembered that the Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for
PAIN IN THE SIDE,
Oppression, nausea and sickness, loss of appetite, costiveness, a yellow tinge of the skin and eyes, and every other symptom of a torpid or diseased state of the liver, because they purge from the body those impurities which, if deposited upon that important organ, are the cause of every variety of
LIVER COMPLAINT.
When a nation is convulsed by riots, outbreaks and rebellions, the only sure means of preventing the dreadful consequences of a CIVIL WAR,
Is to expel all traitors and evil disposed ones from the country.
In like manner, when pain or sickness of any kind indicate that the body is struggling with internal foes, the true remedy is to EXPEL ALL MORBID HUMORS,
(Traitors to life,) AND HEALTH WILL BE THE CERTAIN RESULT.
AS A FURTHER PROOF
That the principle of curing disease by cleansing and purifying the body, is strictly in accordance with the Laws which govern the animal economy; and if properly carried out by the use of the above named
INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,
Will certainly result in the complete abolition of Disease: we offer the following testimonials, from persons of the highest respectability in New York, who have recently been cured of the most obstinate complaints, solely by the use of
WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

Jamaica, L. I. June 9, 1841.
Doctor William Wright—Dear Sir—It is with great satisfaction that I inform you of my having been entirely cured of Dyspepsia, of five years standing by the use of your Indian Vegetable Pills.
Previous to meeting with your celebrated medicine, I had been under the care of several physicians, and had tried various medicines, but all to no effect. After using one 25 cent box of your Pills, however, I experienced so much benefit, that I resolved to persevere in the use of them, according to directions, which I am happy to state has resulted in a perfect cure. In gratitude to you for the great benefit I have received, and also in the hope that others similarly afflicted may be induced to make a trial of your extraordinary medicine, I send you this statement with full liberty to publish the same if you think proper. Yours, &c. G. C. BLACK.

New York, June 29, 1841.
To Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York.
Dear Sir—At your recommendation, I some time since made trial of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, of the North American College of Health, and can conscientiously assert that for PURIFYING THE BLOOD AND RENOVATING THE SYSTEM I have received more benefit from their use than from any other medicine it has heretofore been my good fortune to meet with.
I am, dear sir, with many thanks, your obliged friend,
CHARLES M. TATE,
No. 60 Hammersly street, New York.

Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills: Dear Sir—I have been afflicted for several years with inward weakness and general debility, accompanied at times with pain in the side and other distressing complaints. After having tried various medicines without effect, I was persuaded by a friend to make trial of Dr. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which I am happy to state have relieved me in a most wonderful manner. I have used the medicine as yet but a short time, and have no doubt, by a perseverance in the use of the medicine according to directions, that I shall in a short time be perfectly restored.
I most willingly recommend said Pills to all persons similarly afflicted, and in the full belief that the same beneficial results will follow their use.
I remain, yours sincerely,
HENRY A. FOOTE,
Warwarsing, Ulster Co. New York.

New York, Sept. 29, 1841.
This is to certify that I have used WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, with the greatest benefit, having entirely cured myself of the frequent attacks of Sick Headache, to which I had previously been subject.
ANN MARIA THOMPSON,
200 Greenwich street, N. Y.
To Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

CAUTION.
As there are at this time many wicked persons busily engaged in selling a counterfeit medicine under the name of the Indian Vegetable Pills;—and as these desperate men are so utterly reckless of consequences, that many valuable lives may be lost in consequence of using their dreadful compounds, the public are cautioned against purchasing any Pills, unless on the sides of the boxes the following wording is found
WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,
(*Indian Purgative,*)
OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH.
And also to be especially guarded against purchasing said medicine except at the OFFICE AND GENERAL DEPOT, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA—or of the following respectable merchants, who have been appointed Agents for the sale of said Indian Vegetable Pills.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Henry Press, grocer, Germantown, Philadelphia county;
W. S. Paxton, Westchester, Chester
C. D. Hanly, Chester, Delaware
Edward M'Fadge, Norristown, Montgomery
Isaiah P Smith, Doylestown, Bucks
John Zimmerman, Lancaster, Lancaster
Ritchter & M'Knight, Reading, Berks
P. A. & S. Small, York, York
W. J. Cooper, Gettysburg, Adams
Charles Ogilby, Carlisle, Cumberland
David Oak, Chambersburg, Franklin
Hugh M'Ilvaine, Harrisburg, Dauphin
Smith & Henry, Lebanon, Lebanon
Bickel & Hill, Orwigsburg, Schuylkill
Boas & Wenner, Allentown, Lehigh
Thomas Turner, Stroudsburg, Tioga
Payne & Bass, Northumberland, Northumberland county;
Peter Baldy, Danville, Columbia
S. & G. Seyter, Easton, Northampton
Cornelius Horabeck, Honesdale, Wayne
John Loftrge, Milford, Pike
Charles Boys, Stroudsburg, Monroe
A. Pardee & Co. Hazleton, Luzerne
T. Black, Bloomfield, Perry
C. A. Thompson, Mexico, Juniata
S. Winchester & Son, Jersey Shore, Lycoming
Peter S. Philips, Deer Creek, Potter,
James Orr, Hollidaysburg, Huntingdon
M. Tredwell, Somerset, Somerset
Thomas B. Miller, Bedford, Bedford
Cope & Robinson, Greensburg, Westmoreland
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James Hildreth, Cape May, Cape May
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THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

The Old Beaux.

The days we used to laugh, Tom,
At tales of love, and tears of passion;
The bowls we used to quaff, Tom,
In toasting all the toasts in fashion;
The booths and balls we ranged, Tom,
When limb ne'er failed, when step ne'er faltered;
Alas! how things are changed, Tom,
How we—and all the world—are altered!

A few scarce bearded years, Tom,
And you and I were chums at college,
Mid all our gay compeers, Tom,
Just starting for the goal of knowledge;
And some their race have run, Tom,
And some are ruined—some are risen,
And some have had their fun, Tom,
In parliament, and some—in prison.

But you and I, of all, Tom,
Who went in this unclouded weather,
To concert, and to ball, Tom,
In the same coats and cab together,
Retain, alone, our taste, Tom,
(Mid modern turn, like monkeys strutting,
Tight-shod, and tighter laced, Tom,)
For Hoby's boots, and Stultz's cutting.

The coats of this changed clime, Tom!—
Why, you might just as well compare them
With those of that bright time, Tom,
As us who wore, with those who wear them.
The boots old Hoby made, Tom;
Oh! 'twere a spell to set a-shaking
His buried bones and shade, Tom,
To name them with young Hoby's making.

Ay, those were coats and boots, Tom,
And when shall we behold their equal?
But times have changed with suits, Tom
First make the sign, and then the sequel:
Hasn't the climate grown, Tom,
Some ten degrees (or more so) colder?
Haven't the sun and stone, Tom,
That ne'er before felt age, grown older?

The granite, once so strong, Tom,
Of old St. Paul's, begins to crumble;
The snows upon Mount Blanc, Tom,
No longer melt with heat, and tumble:
The very seasons track, Tom,
The same sad truth—the same dark lesson,
For all may see how each, Tom,
Puts, year by year, a plainer dress on.

The world, I oft suspect, Tom,
Draws near its close: and isn't it better
To die, when no respect, Tom,
Is shown from creditor to debtor?
When tradesfolks make a row, Tom,
A year or two, if you delay them,
And often ask you, now, Tom,
With perfect nonchalance, to pay them?

The change is over all, Tom,
And Nature's self hath lost her vigor:
Just mark, at any ball, Tom,
The falling off in face and figure
No gliding minuet's grace, Tom,
But dances fit for low carousers
No ruffles—no point lace, Tom—
Broadcloth is all—broadcloth and—*trowsers!*

The beauties of our days, Tom!—
Oh! those were eyes of glorious beaming,
One moment of whose gaze, Tom,
Made life thenceforth a lover's dreaming
We see their daughters now, Tom,
And while a pang our bosom smothers,
We look on each young brow, Tom,
And sigh—"your nothing to your mothers!"

Out on the graybeard Time, Tom,
He makes the best turned leg grow thinner;
He pares nor sex nor clime, Tom,
For us—the old relentless sinner!
But come down and be gay, Tom,
At the old hall and banish sorrow!
For Jekyll comes to-day, Tom,
And Lady Ailbors' to-morrow.

The Last Letter.—The editor of the Newburyport, (N. H.) Argus, tells a story of a fellow, who, after having been drawn into the meshes of love with one fair one named Nabby, afterwards "took a 'shine,'" to another. Thinking to cast off the "flame," he indited a new epistle, of which the following is a copy:

"Dear Nabby—

"These are to inform you as I am fast coming to my latter end with the yaller janders—from your dying Esek."

"*Nota Bena.*—I open this to let you know as I am departed this life about two hours ago in great agony—your gone Esek."

Poetic Gem.—It is said that the person who perpetrated the following "bit of poetry," fell asleep at the end of the last line, and has not opened his eyes since:

When weary I ar
I smokes my segar,
And when the smoke rises
Up into my eyeses,
I think of my true love,
And O, how I sighses!

Pay for Your Paper.—The advantages of paying for newspapers, and disadvantages of not paying for them, may be seen in what Mrs. Anne Royal says relative to the late Maryland election. The accomplished lady of the sprightly little Huntress says—"So it appears the Hon. Wm. Cost Johnson has lost his election. We said he would never have any good luck, because he *did not pay* for his paper. Now Col. Thomas, the successful candidate for Governor, *always paid us up like a prince.* Mind that hereafter."

Most Agreeable Companion.—The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

Cleave-ing.—Children are inquisitive bodies—for instance: "What does *cleave* mean, Pa?" It means to unite together." "Does John unite wood when he cleaves it?" "Hem, well it means to separate." "Well, Pa, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?" "Hem, hem, don't ask so many foolish questions, child."

Learned Tailor.—A bucheleous tailor in St. Louis, whose business is to mend coats and repair pantaloons, has the following index to his professional pursuits painted on a sign over his door,—"*Pant*-ology performed here, and *Coat*-ations neatly adjusted."

Pollok.—A fellow by the name of Pollok broke jail some time last week: he has not been seen since; but it is probable some information respecting him will be obtained in the "Course of Time."

Not Getting Drunk.—"Where is your father?" said an angry master to the son of his habitually tippling domestic. "He is down stairs, sir." "Getting drunk, I suppose?" "No sir, he ain't." "What then?" "Getting sober, sir."

A Beautiful Sentiment.—There are souls which fall from heaven like flowers; but ere the pure and fresh buds can open they are trodden in the dust of earth, and lie soiled and crushed under the foul tread of some brutal hoof.

Remember This.—We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others, than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb, is not so fair as a fruit-offering of good deeds.

Just the Difference.—"I keep an excellent table," said a landlady, disputing with one of her boarders.

"That may be true, ma'am," said he, "but you put very little upon it."

Advice to Jokers.—Always save your best joke for the last, and then you may be able, as the late lamented Finn used to say, to go off, like a lobster, with a claw, (eclat,) and when you have uttered it, take leave.

Taking a Paper.—"Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a man to a little boy whom he caught pilfering his paper from the door step. "Cos he sends me to take it," answered the urchin.

A Slander.—"I understand," said a deacon to his neighbor, "that you are becoming a *hard* drinker." "That is a slander," replied the neighbor, "for no man can drink *easier.*"

Out and In.—A neighbor of ours informs us that wood goes further when left out of doors than when well housed; some of his having gone upwards of a quarter of a mile in one night.

Very Thin.—There is an old gentleman down town who is so thin, that he lives a *week in five days!* He makes a livelihood by letting out his spare time.

Marriage.—In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; and you have a wife, a friend, and a companion.

Requisite for an Auctioneer.—An auctioneer ought to be by nature *strong*; for, though only one man, he is often called upon to *knock down a lot.*

Entreaty.—We may escape the censure of others when we do wrong privately; but we cannot avoid the reproaches of our own mind.

Politeness.—Sending a written challenge to a man to fight a duel, and signing yourself his "very obedient servant."

Good.—Why is a stick of candy like a horse? Because the more you lick it the faster it goes.

The Proposal.

By the Author of Chas. O'Malley.

The following humorous sketch is from the pen of the inimitable Dr. Lever, author of Harry Lorrequer and Chas. O'Malley. It is necessary to premise that Miss Baby Blake is a gay, pretty, bewitching creature, a cousin of Charley O'Malley, and that the latter innocent gentleman has, under the guise of the aforesaid cousinship, become very intimate with the laughing beauty. O'Malley, however, dreams of nothing more than friendship, and so tells his friend Sparks, who has meantime grown enamored of Baby. Sparks being a modest man persuades O'Malley to become the bearer of a proposal for Miss Baby's hand. O'Malley accordingly sets forth on his adventure.—Eds. Post.

I ordered my horses at an early hour, and long before Sparks—lover that he was—had opened his eyes to the light, was already on my way toward Gurtnamorra. Several miles slipped away before I well determined how I should open my negotiations; whether to papa Blake, in the first instance, or to madam, to whose peculiar province these secrets of the home department belonged; or why not at once to Baby! because, after all, with her it rested finally to accept or to refuse. To address myself to the heads of the department seemed the more formal course, and, as I was acting entirely as an *envoy extraordinaire*, I deemed this the fitting mode of proceeding.

It was exactly eight o'clock as I drove up to the door. Mr. Blake was standing at the open window of the breakfast-room, snuffing the fresh air of the morning. The Blake mother was busily engaged with the economy of the tea-table; a very simple style of morning costume, and a night-cap with a flounce like a petticoat, marking her unaffected toilette. Above stairs, more than one head *en papillote*, took a furtive peep between the curtain; and the butler of the family, in corduroys and a fur cap, was weeding turnips in the lawn before the door.

Mrs. Blake had hardly time to take a hurried departure, when her husband came out upon the steps to bid me welcome. There is no physiognomist like your father of a family, or your mother with marriageable daughters. Lavater was nothing to them, in reading the secret springs of action—the hidden sources of all character. Had there been a good respectable bump allotted to Spurzheim to "honorable intentions," the matter had been all fair and easy—the very first salute of the gentleman would have pronounced upon his views: but, alas! no such guide is forthcoming; and the science, as it now exists, is enveloped in doubt and difficulty. The gay, laughing temperament of some; the dark and serious composure of others; the cautious and reserved, the open and the candid, the witty, the sententious, the clever, the dull, the prudent, the reckless—in a word, every variety which the innumerable hues of character imprint upon the human face divine, are their study. Their convictions are the slow and impatient fruits of intense observation and great logical accuracy. Carefully noting down every lineament and feature—their change, their action, and their development—they track a lurking motive with the scent of a bloodhound, and run down a growing passion with an unrelenting speed. I have been in the witness-box, exposed to the licensed badgering and privileged impertinence of a lawyer; winked, leered, frowned, and sneered at with all the long practiced fact of a *nisi prius* torturer; I have stood before the cold, fish-like, but searching eye of a prefect of police, as he compared my passport with my person, and thought he could detect a discrepancy in both: but I never felt the same sense of total exposure as when glanced at by the half cautious, half prying look of a worthy father or mother, in a family where there are daughters to marry, and "nobody coming to woo."

"You're early Charley," said Mr. Blake, with an affected mixture of carelessness and warmth. "You have not had breakfast?"

"No, sir. I have come to claim a part of yours; and, if I mistake not, you seem a little later than usual."

"Not more than a few minutes. The girls will be down presently; they're early risers, Charley; good habits are just as easy as bad ones; and, the Lord be praised! my girls were never brought up with any other."

"I am well aware of it, sir; and, indeed, if I may be permitted to take advantage of the *apropos*, it was on the subject of one of your daughters that I wished to speak to you this morning, and which brought me over at this uncivilised hour, hoping to find you alone."

Mr. Blake's look for a moment was one of triumphant satisfaction; it was but a glance, however, and represented the very instant after, as he said with a well-got up indifference—

"Just step with me into the study, and we're sure not to be interrupted."

Now, although I have little time or space for such dallying, I cannot help dwelling for a moment upon the aspect of what Mr. Blake dignified with the name of his study. It was a small apartment with one window, the panes of which, independent of all aid from a curtain, tempered the daylight through the medium of cobwebs, dust, and the ill-trained branches of some wall tree without.

Three oak chairs and a small table were the only articles of furniture; while around, on all sides, lay the *disjecta membra* of Mr. Blake's hunting, fishing, shooting and coursing equipments—old top boots, driving-whips, odd spurs, a racing saddle, a blunderbuss, the helmet of the Galway light-horse, a salmon net, a large map of the country, with a marginal index to several mortgages marked with a cross, a stable lantern, the rudder of a boat, and representative of his daily associations; but not one book, save an odd volume of Watty Cox's Magazine, whose pages seemed as much the receptacle of brown hackles for trout fishing as the resource of literary leisure.

"Here we'll be quite cosey, and to ourselves," said Mr. Blake, as, placing a chair for me, he sat down himself, with the air of a man resolved to assist, by advice and counsel, the dilemma of some dear friend.

After a few preliminary observations, which, like a breathing canter before a race, serves to get your courage up, and settle you well in your seat, I opened my negotiation by some very broad and sweeping truisms about the misfortunes of a bachelor existence, the discomforts of his position, his want of home and happiness, the necessity for his one day thinking seriously about marriage; it being in a measure almost as inevitable a termination of the free and easy career of his single life as transportation of seven years is to that of a poacher. "You cannot go on, sir," said I, "trespassing for ever upon your neighbors' preserves; you must be apprehended sooner or later; therefore, I think, the better way is to take out a licence."

Never was a small sally of wit more successful. Mr. Blake laughed till he cried, and when he had done, wiped his eyes with a snuffy handkerchief, and cried till he laughed again. As, somehow, I could not conceal from myself a suspicion as to the sincerity of my friend's mirth, I merely consoled myself with the French adage, that he laughs best who laughs last; and went on—

"It will not be deemed surprising, sir, that a man should come to the discovery I have just mentioned more rapidly by having enjoyed the pleasure of intimacy with your family; not only by the example of perfect domestic happiness presented to him, but by the prospect held out that the heritage of the fair gifts which adorn and grace married life, may reasonably be looked for among the daughters of those, themselves the realization of conjugal felicity."

"Here was a canter with a vengeance; and as I felt blown, I slackened my pace, coughed, and resumed.

"Miss Mary Blake, sir, is then the object of my present communication; she it is, who has made an existence that seemed fair and pleasurable before, appear blank and unprofitable without her. I have, therefore—to come at once to the point—visited you this morning, formally to ask her hand in marriage; her fortune, I may observe at once, is perfectly immaterial—a matter of no consequence; (so Mr. Blake thought also) a competence fully equal to every reasonable notice of expenditure——"

"There—there; don't," said Mr. Blake, wiping his eyes with a sob like a hiccup, "don't speak of money. I know what you'd say; a handsome settlement—a well secured jointure, and all that. Yes yes, I feel it all."

"Why, yes, sir, I believe I may add, that every thing in this respect will answer your expectations."

"Of course; to be sure. My poor dear Baby! how to do without her, that's the rub. You don't know, O'Malley, what that girl is to me—you cannot know it; you'll feel one day though—that you will."

"The devil I shall!" said I to myself.

"The point is after all, to learn the lady's disposition in the matter——"

"Ah, Charley! none of this with me, you sly dog! You think I don't know you. Why I've been watching—that is, I have seen—no I mean I've heard—they—they; people will talk, you know."

"Very true, sir. But as I was going to remark——"

Just at this moment the door opened, and Miss Baby herself, looking most annoyingly handsome, put in her head.

"Papa, we're waiting breakfast. Ah, Charley, how d'ye do?"

"Come in, Baby," said Mr. Blake; you have not given me my kiss this morning."

The lovely girl threw her arms around his neck, while her bright and flowing locks fell richly upon his shoulder. I turned rather sulkily away; the thing always provokes me. There is much cold selfish cruelty in such *coram publico* endearments, as in the luscious display of rich viands and sur-loins in a chop house, to the eyes of the starved and penniless wretches without, who with dripping rags and watering lip, eats imaginary slices, while the pains of hunger are torturing him.

"There's Tim!" said Mr. Blake, suddenly. "Tim Cronin! Tim!" shouted he to—as it seemed to me—an imaginary individual outside; while, in the eagerness of pursuit, he rushed out of the study, banging the door as he went out, and leaving Baby and myself to our mutual edification.

I should have preferred it being otherwise; but as the Fates willed it thus, I took Baby's hand, and led her to the window. Now there is one feature of my countrymen which, having recognized strongly in myself, I would fain proclaim; and writing, as I do—however little people may suspect me—solely for the sake of a moral, would gladly warn the unsuspecting against. I mean, a very decided tendency to become the consoler, the confidant of young ladies; seeking out opportunities of assuaging their sorrow, reconciling their afflictions, breaking eventful passages to their ears; not from any inherent pleasure in the tragic phases of the intercourse, but for the semi-tenderness of manner, that harmless hand-squeezing, that innocent waist-pressing, without which consolation is but like salmon without lobster—a thing maimed, wanting, and imperfect.

Now whether this with me was a natural gift, or merely a "way we have in the army," as the song says, I shall not pretend to say; but I venture to affirm that few men could excel me in the practice I speak of some five-and-twenty years ago. Fair reader, do pray, if I have the happiness of being known to you, deduct them from my age before you subtract my merits.

"Well, Baby, dear, I have just been speaking about you to papa. Yes, dear—don't look so incredulous—even of your own sweet self. Well, do you know I almost prefer your hair worn that way; those same silky masses look better falling thus heavily——"

"There now, Charley! ah, don't."

"Well, Baby, as I was saying, before you stopped me, I have been asking your papa a very important question, and he has referred me to you for an answer. And now will you tell me, in all frankness and honesty, your mind on the matter!"

She grew deadly pale as I spoke these words; then suddenly flushed up again, but said not a word. I could perceive, however, from her heaving chest and restless manner, that no common agitation was stirring her bosom. It was cruelty to be silent, so I continued—

"One who loves you well, Baby dear, has asked his own heart the question, and learned that without you he has no chance of happiness; that your bright eyes are to him bluer than the deep sky above him; that your soft voice, your winning smile—and what a smile it is! have taught him that he loves, nay, adores you. Then dearest—what pretty fingers those are! Ah! what is this? whence came that emerald? I never saw that ring before, Baby."

"Oh, that—" said she blushing deeply, "that is a ring the foolish creature Sparks gave me a couple of days ago; but I don't like it—I don't intend to keep it."

"So saying, she endeavored to draw it from her finger, but in vain.

"But why, Baby, why take it off? Is it to give him the pleasure of putting it on again? There, don't get angry; we must not fall out, surely."

"No, Charley, if you are not vexed with me—if you are not——"

"No, no, my dear Baby; nothing of the kind. Sparks was quite right in not trusting his entire fortune to my diplomacy; but, at least, he ought to have told me that he had opened the negotiation. Now the question simply is—Do you love him? or rather, because that shortens matters—Will you accept him?"

"Love who?"

"Love whom! why Sparks, to be sure."

A flash of indignant surprise passed across her features, now pale as marble; her lips were slightly parted; her large full eyes were fixed upon me steadfastly; and her hand, which I had held in mine, she suddenly withdrew from my grasp.

"And so—and so it is of Mr. Sparks' cause you are so ardently the advocate?" said she, at length, after a pause of most awkward duration.

"Why, of course, my dear cousin. It was at his suit and solicitation I called on your father; it was he himself who intreated me to take this step; it was he——"

But before I could conclude, she burst in a torrent of tears, and rushed from the room.

Here was a situation! What the deuce was the matter! Did she, or did she not, care for him? Was her pride or her delicacy hurt at my being made the means of the communication to her father? What had Sparks done or said to put himself and me in such a devil of a predicament! Could she care for any one else?"

"Well, Charley!" cried Mr. Blake, as he entered, rubbing his hands in a perfect paroxysm of good temper. "Well, Charley, has love-making driven breakfast out of your head?"

"Why, faith, sir, I greatly fear I have blundered my mission sadly. My cousin Mary does not appear so perfectly satisfied: her manner—"

"Don't tell me such nonsense—the girl's manner! Why, man, I thought you were too old a soldier to be taken in that way."

"Well then, sir, the best thing, under the circumstances, is, to send over Sparks himself. Your consent, I may tell him, is already obtained."

"Yes, my boy; and my daughter's is equally sure. But I don't see what we want with Sparks at all: among old friends and relatives, as we are, there is, I think, no need of a stranger."

"A stranger! Very true, sir, he *is* a stranger; but when that stranger is about to become your son-in-law——"

"About to become what?" said Mr. Blake, rubbing his spectacles, and placing them leisurely on his nose to regard me, "to become what!"

"Your son-in-law. I hope I have been sufficiently explicit, sir, in making known Mr. Sparks' wishes to you."

"Mr. Sparks! Why, d—n me, sir—that is—I beg pardon for the warmth—you—you never mentioned his name to-day till now. You led me to suppose that—in fact, you told me most clearly—"

Here, from the united effects of a rage and a struggle for concealment, Mr. Blake was unable to proceed, and walked the room with a melo-dramatic stamp perfectly awful.

"Really, sir," said I at last, "while I deeply regret any misconception or mistake I have been the cause of, I must in justice to myself say, that I am perfectly unconscious of having misled you. I came here this morning with a proposition for the hand of your daughter in behalf of——"

"Yourself, sir! Yes, yourself. I'll be—— no! I'll not swear: but—but just answer me, if you ever mentioned one word of Mr. Sparks; if you ever alluded to him till the last few minutes?"

I was perfectly astounded. It might be: alas! it was exactly as he stated. In my unlucky effort at extreme delicacy, I became only so very mysterious, that I left the matter open for them to suppose that the Khan of Tartary was in love with Baby.

There was but one course now open. I most humbly apologized for my blunder; repeated, by every expression I could summon up, my sorrow for what had happened; and was beginning a renewal of negotiation "*in re* Sparks," when overcome by his passion, Mr. Blake could hear no more, but snatched up his hat, and left the room.

Had it not been for Baby's share in the transaction, I should have laughed outright. As it was, I felt any thing but mirthful; and the only clear and collected idea in my mind was, to hurry home with all speed and fasten a quarrel on Sparks, the innocent cause of the whole mishap. Why this thought struck me, let physiologists decide.

A few moments' reflection satisfied me, that, under present circumstances, it would be particularly awkward to meet with any others of the family. Ardently desiring to secure my retreat, I succeeded, after some little time, in opening the window sash; consoling myself for any injury I was about to inflict upon Mr. Blake's young plantation in my descent, by the thought of the service I was rendering him while admitting a little fresh air into his sanctum.

Magazine Writing.

A good Magazine article is necessarily neither an essay, a tale, a poem, or a criticism, though it may be one or all of these, provided it is seasoned with the piquant sauce of novelty. Its first requisite is brilliancy and taste; judgment, learning may come lagging after. It is very well to have these good companions, though their presence is not indispensable, for we can every day see valiant attempts in literature succeed without them. The qualifications are, readiness in seizing materials, and tact in using them, with a quick appreciation of the fashionable tastes in literature and society. It is never the object to write profoundly, but wittily; and if not wittily—for wit may be as far removed from the contributor as profound thought—then nonsensically. There must be ingenuity, however, and variety; our well-worn common-place thoughts must come tumbling in upon us, in masks and fantastic dresses; we must be surprised into a laugh, before we have time to understand the jest; we must be joked out of our reason by the pleasantry of the writer, or brow-beat by the declamation, just as a man of the world, or an attorney circumvents a visitor or a client. The most successful "article" of this kind, is one long epigram—and an epigram of a dozen pages, is as bad as a dinner served up, in which there should be nothing but anchovies and curry.

Most of the articles in the Magazines exhibit literature, not as an Art, but a trade, in which the best workman is the one who can make the most out of the least materials. But how much of the block of marble does the Artist reject, before he exhibits the perfect statute? The genuine author thinks alone and in silence, and patiently finds his way out of the low mists of care and prejudice, to the higher atmosphere of universal truths. His popular imitator lives in a crowd, catches his ideas from the passing interests of the moment, and is well contented to occupy the old post of the court fool, to raise a laugh at the prevailing folly. He sometimes affects learning, and vents oracular common-places, just as a barber talks of paintings, and plays the virtuoso. The world, however it may be contented to be amused, is, after all, too sagacious to be cheated. There are hundreds of writers who aim at philosophy, and borrow the generalization of Guizot, or profound thought of Carlyle; who are witty out of Sidney Smith, or pathetic and very "thoughtful" out of Wordsworth: yet it is universally acknowledged there is but one Carlyle.

But whatever the defects of periodical writing, it must be remembered that many of them are inevitable, from the haste of this species of composition, and others are balanced by corresponding advantages. If some writers fall short of genuine poetry and passion, others may attain sentiment; we may be contented with smartness, when we cannot get eloquence, and good sense may be acceptable in place of original speculation.

A Forest Scene.

There is no scenery in England more beautiful than that to be found in portions of the New Forest. Huge gray old oaks, gnarled and twisted, and aspiring to Heaven; deep glens, overshadowed by canopies of leaves, through which the light but faintly struggles; vast arcades, stretching far away in the distance, and buried in religious gloom; wild wood roads, that wind hither and thither among the giant trees in fanciful contortions; and open, sunny glades, intersected by sparkling streamlets, waving with verdant grass, and now and then disclosing a fairy cottage nestled in the edge of the forest, are to this day, the characteristics of this favorite hunting ground of the Conqueror and his immediate successors. There is a solitude about this old labyrinthine chace, which is perfectly bewitching. You may travel for miles, in the more secluded parts of the forest, without meeting a human being, or seeing the smoke of a single cottage curling among the foliage; but on every hand you will behold trees growing in the wildest luxuriance, and tread on a sward as soft and thick as the richest velvet. You will, for a space, hear nothing but the sound of a nut rattling to the ground, or the song of some wood bird down in a brake; and then you will rouse the deer from their retreat, a rustle will be heard down in the under-growth, and you will catch a sight of the noble herd, perchance, as they go trotting away into the darker recesses of the forest.

Such is the New Forest now, and such it was eight centuries ago, on a bright sunny morning, toward the end of summer. The hour was still early, for the dew yet sparkled in the grass, or pattered down from the foliage as the wind stirred among the forest branches. The scene was one of the loveliest the chace afforded—a bright glade embosomed in the most silent depths of the forest. The whole of this open space was carpetted with the thickest and greenest grass, varying in hue, at every breath of the balmy wind over the undulated surface. On each side, the glade was bounded by a gentle elevation, covered with stately oaks, whose giant branches, spreading out far and wide, buried their trunks in the obscurity of a constant twilight—and on the other three sides the ground either extended in a plain, or sloped so gently off, that the descent was nearly imperceptible. Thousands of wild flowers spangled the surface of the glade, some flaunting proudly on the air, and some modestly hiding under the long grass, yet all sending forth the most delicious perfume—while innumerable birds, of every variety of plumage, hopped from twig to twig, or skimmed across the glade, filling the air with untold harmonies,—and high in the heaven a solitary lark, lingering there after his fellows had departed, poured forth his lay with such sweet, such liquid harmony, that a stranger, unaccustomed to his song, and unable to distinguish his tiny form far up in the sunny ether, might well have fancied those unrivalled notes the breathings of an unseen cherubim.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Music.

That music communicates pure and unalloyed enjoyment will scarcely be denied by any who have listened to the sweet tones of the flute, the "light guitar," or the soft melody of the piano. There are seasons when the mind is wearied and jaded, fatigued it may be by intense exertion. At such times the soothing strains of music are peculiarly grateful, possessing as it does the particular quality of affording pleasure unattended by subsequent depression—the reminiscence of it is always accompanied with gratification.

Sweet soother of the troubled breast,
Thou cordial to the feeling heart,
O! come and in my bosom rest,
That baser feelings may depart.

Thy power my heart may ever own,
To soothe as with a healing balm
"The aching heart and painful head,"
And solace with a holy calm.

Who has not felt those delicate and gentle emotions which rise involuntarily in the mind, at the sound of distant music wafted over the surface of tranquil waters by the soft breezes of a summer evening! A circumstance of this kind recurs forcibly to mind. In the latter part of the summer of 182- I had been wandering some distance up the romantic Schuylkill, and on my return in the evening twilight, I heard at a distance the soft tones of the flute rendered still more pleasing by the quiet which prevailed around; I paused, that I might enjoy with greater satisfaction the pleasure, which my situation, and the solitude of the place were so well suited to inspire; suddenly the sound ceased and I continued on my way, soon it commenced again, and then for the first time it occurred to me, that the performer might be a friend. I pursued my way until I came to a point directly opposite to that from which the music proceeded. At the first interval I shouted aloud, a response was quickly given in tones which I immediately recognised to be those of a beloved brother. With no other companion than his flute he had wandered to that delightful spot which had so often been the resort of himself and a dearly beloved friend, on whose bosom the cold clods of the valley were then pressing. I felt a melancholy foreboding that he, too, was fast hastening to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," a presentiment which alas! has been realized, for he now sleeps with the departed. IVAN.

Philadelphia, November, 1841.

Lines.

And must we part?—well, let it be,
'Tis better thus, oh yes, believe me;
For though I still was true to thee,
Thou, faithless maiden, would'st deceive me.
Take back this written pledge of love,
No more I'll to my bosom fold it;
The ring you gave your faith to prove,
I can't return—because I've sold it!

I will not ask thee to restore
Each *gage d'amour*, or lover's token,
Which I had given thee before
The links between us had been broken.
They were not much, but oh! that brooch,
If for my sake thou'st deign'd to save it.
For that, at least, I must encroach—
It wasn't mine, although I gave it.

The gem that in my breast I wore,
That once belonged unto your mother,
Which, when you gave to me, I swore,
For life I'd love you and no other
Can you forget that cheerful morn,
When in my breast thou first didst stick it!—
I can't restore it—it's in pawn,
But, base deceiver, that's the ticket

Oh, take back all, I cannot bear
These proofs of love—they seem to mock it;
There, false one, take your lock of hair—
Nay, do not ask me for the locket
Insidious girl! that wily tear
Is useless now, that all is ended;
There is thy curl—nay, do not sneer,
The locket's—somewhere—being mended.

The dressing-case you lately gave
Was fit, I know, for Bagdad's caliph;
I used it only once to shave
When it was taken by the bailiff
Than thou didst give I bring back less,
But hear the truth without more dodging—
The landlord's been with a distress,
And positively cleared my lodging.

Bacon Saved.—The Legislature of Maine have granted a divorce to Col. Ebenezer Cobb and his wife Sarah Bacon. The wrong side of fifty caught the husband, while the bride had just passed the age of blooming seventeen.

For this divorce the only course
That wisely could be taken,
Fair Sarah sued—the case was proved,
And thus she saved her bacon!
Can any blame the youthful dame,
Who gave the courts a job?
When all the corn is shelled and gone,
Say, who would keep the Cobb?

Merited Retort.—Madame D. had a magnificent cat. M. de C. amused himself one day by killing it, for want of something else to shoot.—Madame D. caused to be set in her own house, and in the houses of her friends, all sorts of mouse traps; and when three or four hundred mice were caught, she had them put into a box, which was forwarded to Madame de C. at her country-house. The lady eagerly opened the box herself, expecting to find in it some new modes; the mice jumped out and presently filled the house; while at the bottom of the box was found a note addressed to Madame de C.—"Madame, your husband has killed my cat—I send you my mice."

Mineralogy.—"Do you understand mineralogy, Miss?" asked a gentleman of a young boarding school girl, who was twiddling a piece of quartz crystal in her taper fingers.

"Why, yeth, thir," lisped she, "I did study it when I wath at thool."

"By what name, and in what division would you place the specimen you hold in your hand?"

"I would call it the ox-hide of ipacaccuana, and I thuppose it belongs to the obstetric genius!" simpered the soi-distant mineralogist.

Laziness.—One fiery day a farmer went forth into his mowing lot, where he had hired half a dozen men to cut down the grass. He came upon them suddenly, and found them all tying down under an apple tree. "Well," said the indignant farmer, "I'll give an extra half dollar to the laziest fellow among you." All jumped upon their feet to claim the reward, but one man who lay still. "Ah!" said the farmer, "that fellow has won the money." To which indolence replied, "Won't you please to put it in my pocket."

Death.—Groans, convulsions, weeping friends, and the like, show death terrible; yet there is no passion so weak but conquers the fear of it; and therefore death is not such a terrible enemy. Revenge triumphs over death, love slights it, honor aspires to it, dread of shame prefers it, grief flies to it, and fear anticipates it.

Ladies Department.

From the New York Mirror.

Woman, and her Influence.

The elegant and brightly-lighted apartments of Mrs. Dashkoff were echoing to the clear, soft notes of the piano, which, obedient to the graceful touch of Miss Sydney, gave forth the most refined and classic tones that music ever spoke in. The snow-white walls, encircled at the top with a gilded rod; the expansive mirrors reflecting to one another the mild lustre of numerous *or-molu* chandeliers and branches, which hung from the ceilings, or were fastened upon the walls; the courtly and high-bred company that were assembled there; all these, and the delicate melody, and the odors of choice flowers, made an atmosphere of fine high enjoyment, to whose elegant impression the spirit was not slow to equal its own more thoughtful sympathies. I thought that the rich influence of the hour seemed to be felt by all who were present; for *though* there was music, they were silent. A certain meditative sentiment seemed to rest upon every person's countenance; as if each paused in his own thoughts, to note the completeness of the scene, and calmly to breathe the enjoyment. Private concerts I do not greatly affect; they are generally, to me, like Milton's Nightingale, "most musical, most melancholy." But when, at an evening party, music comes in unexpectedly, just at the right moment to relieve the excitement of conversation, or to refresh its fatigue, a soothing and restoring virtue is diffused, lending grace to thought and interest to vacancy. I am naturally modest, and am content with what is perfect. I reclined upon an ottoman near the wall, and gave myself to the pleasure; earnest to express the finer essence of delight, and taste the subtlest influences of the moment.

This and such are the scenes in which wholly I pass my days; from which I draw an exquisite comfort, and a large improvement. In my youth I was a reader of books; and neither a narrow nor a superficial one. I made them the staple of my studies; I found them the best solace and ornament of leisure. Now, I prefer the great volumes of nature and of man. I once was content with fancy and its bright airy forms, with brilliant speculations, and ingenious turns of thought; I now seek truth, and the precision of truth. I find in printed volumes nothing but vagueness, tenuity and repetition; and in none, except a few, such as Tacitus and Milton, do I meet with that powerful action in the author's mind which stirs a corresponding re-action of the whole mind of the reader; the greater part of one's faculties doze over the page. But the passages of life enclose a boundless meaning; ever significant in proportion to the observer's capacity. They are like the writing on the magical scimetar of Vathek; to the uninstructed gaze, a confused and idle glitter; but to the learned eye, a sentence of wisdom, with a new meaning every day.

Hither I come also to enjoy; feeding my spirit with gentle sentiment and genial thought; the mild flashes of refined wit, the elegances of manner, and the charms of art. The drawing-room is my easy chair, my home. I live in society. I associate with none but the refined and thorough-bred. Vulgar people give me pain. Unrefined company sullies my mind, and depraves that delicate taste which I labor to keep unperverted. I hate people whose minds are spotted with six per cents and par. Like the broker's sales, they are flat, or without interest. The instructed, travelled, practiced and highly polished man in the world, whose mind is redolent of the choicest essences of learning, and whose taste is refined even to sensitiveness, who discards all common-place extraneous matter, and gets at once at the truth of things, who understands me at half a glance, and with whom I can converse in short-hand,—I revel in the conversation of such. With the pure grace of the artless maiden, unsoiled, unsullied, unsophisticated, I can hold communion that knows not to be fatigued; and from her crystal tones that tell of natural feelings, or the simple thoughts of an untempted innocence, draw the inspiration of an exalting wisdom; or sit in silence by her beauty, and inhale the enchanting excellence of her presence. In this Babylon of bricks and business, of the brokers and the broken, we form a separate circle, which stands like St. Petersburgh, surrounded by a morass. My effort is to live amused; and I believe that on the gaieties of the world there floats a more delicate, yet deeper wisdom, than that which is extracted from its business; a graceful wisdom that is not poisoned by that dark infusion of passion that out-flows from wounded interests. Many a little adventure or private history meets my eye, as its *denouement* breaks like a bubble on the current of society; of some of these I shall, from time to time, present slight sketches to the public. As I find that "The Mirror" lies upon the tables of all persons of fashion, I shall employ it to reflect back upon the world my observations upon the world. My tales will have at least one point of curiosity, that being born of one parent, there shall be no connection between them.

While the music proceeded, Mr. Cleland sat beside one or two ladies on a small ottoman, near to where I was reposing. He is a person with whom I have formed rather a close acquaintance, without having made the least approach to intimacy or confidence. He possessed a strong and even piercing intellect, and through an assumed triviality of manner there often shone gleams of a noble aspiration. Yet he professed to be only a trifler. Yet did that character not sit well or gracefully upon him. His wit was force, and something coarse. His mirth was too vehement. He seemed to me to have a fine character, that yet had been ruined. His large, open and generous features usually bore a sneer, that certainly was not native to their expression. His conversation was cynical, and especially contemptuous on the subject of women.

"Beautiful," said Cleland, as the music ended, and he critically tasted a glass of champagne: "beautiful, no doubt, as the roseate fingers whence the sounds are shed. 'Tis one of her own smiles set to music; or her smile is a symphony played mute. I suppose that Miss Sydney has constructed that smile, and selected an overture so full of sentiment, to persuade us that a woman can have a soul; as a dew-powdered rose in the morning light would have us believe that it is blushing from an access of feeling at the presence of the lord of its homage, the sun. Such is the farce and imposture of appearances."

"The soul, I suppose," said Miss Jones, as she glanced at the manner in which he seemed to analyze his wine; "the soul, I suppose, is that part of the body by which a man judges of the flavor of champagne?"

"No doubt," said he, "that is one of its least earthly functions; is it not written, spiritual matters must be spiritually discerned?"

"The apostolical gentleman whom you quote," said Miss Jones, "has spoken so unfavorably of the natural man, that you have deemed it a christian duty, no doubt, to become affected. Permit me to congratulate you on your success in attaining the true gospel good-breeding."

"The compliment is valuable from one so skilled in that accomplishment. Miss Jones is in another respect equally possessed of the gospel spirit: healthy nature she shuns, and adopts and takes it up only when it is ill. Some people, by the by, mistake ill nature for wit; I suppose, upon Walpole's principle, that fogs are taken for warm weather. But as touching souls, there is a smaller supply of that commodity in the world than is commonly imagined. After accurate observation, I am persuaded that there are never more than about five souls in the world at once. A whole nation shall often have but one soul in it, divided out among its inhabitants; each more eminent person having a segment or sparkle of a soul. Even a single *solar* beam shall be split into its parts to form the allotment of individuals; the blue ray shining in the learned female; the yellow coloring the malignant; heaven's own hue, the violet, tinting the spirit of the poet; while the souls of the inexperienced are green; and those of the ingenuous are plainly red. Some men have an entire soul to themselves; some have more than one. Napoleon, for instance, had not less than two souls to his share."

"Certainly, Mr. Cleland has a soul and a half."

"Miss Jones is still superior; she is sole."

"Because she wont be sold," said I, who thought the allusion unfair; "and none here is worthy to receive as a gift so fair a soul. But will you continue your remarks touching souls; since, 'to touch the soul,' says Mr. Pope, 'is the just office of art!'"

"The soul," said Cleland, is one of the most elegant inventions of a refined age. As a rude contrivance it was known to Plato and king David. With them it was an untamed, tireless bird, that chanted its wild carols amid the rocks, and washed its white feathers in the fleecy clouds; and was by no means a safe pet in good society. In its perfect state, it is essentially the product of a highly civilized state of society and a very advanced stage of the arts. It is the faculty by which young ladies enjoy the sonnet of an admirer, in spite of its flattery; and which gives a tender sublimity to the intercourse of elderly gentlewomen with their cats. It is a thing not to be made vulgar by too much use. I never wear my soul but in full dress and occasions of state. Since swords and ruffles are no longer worn, it is the quality which distinguishes a gentleman."

"It might then be inquired by the malignant," said Miss Jones, "why, Mr. Cleland is not distinguished."

"Because he is extinguished by Miss Jones' sarcasm."

"But the soul, I suppose, like a candle, can only be extinguished by want of air, and Mr. Cleland can never want abundance of airs."

"Certainly not, while he is played upon so skilfully by Miss Jones."

"By-the-by, Cleland," said I, "they have lately made some extraordinary improvements on the soul in New England, by which it has become possessed of marvellous powers. By means of these new-invented souls, a woman sitting in one house knows what is passing in the house of another at a distance; and is able to tell the contents of a written paper which she has never seen."

"I doubt the novelty of the invention," said Cleland. "As to knowing what passes in a neighbor's house, it is not surprising a New England woman should do that; 'tis but a new version of the old quality of curiosity, and shows what stores of knowledge the long exercise of that faculty has given them. And in all former times, to know the contents of written papers that were never seen, it has only been necessary to assemble the priestesses of Gossip around the table, and to propitiate that divinity by a cup of tea."

"Mr. Cleland," said a lady, "as you deny that the music which we have heard was inspired by any soul, will you not favor us with a performance by one who professes to have one."

"Cleland approached the piano, and patiently broke out with a ridiculous *buffo* song, full of humor and a satire more diverting than refined. The company laughed, but I thought the mirth was not won without some expense of dignity. Mrs. Dashkoff, as she paid her compliments to him at the conclusion of it, I thought, indicated as much; for her thanks were expressed with a particularity which seemed to show that he had condescended a good deal in order to amuse.

Miss Keppel, with her commanding beauty and intellectual air, was standing by the mantel-piece alone. She seemed to regard the conversation which I have described, and the song which followed it, with calm and distant contempt. Indeed, there was little in one or in the other which could interest or please the high and passionate soul of Mary Keppel.

Cleland rose from the instrument and approached her. There was an unwonted sneer and irony upon his face.

"Is not that a creditable display?" said he.

"Very good, undoubtedly, in its way," she replied, deliberately. Then paused for a moment, and added with a searching and impressive tone, "But is it quite worthy of the exalted spirit and lofty intellect of Mr. Cleland?"

My friend seemed to feel the reproof deeply, but threw off the feeling by an effort.

"Oh," said he, "'tis thus I amuse myself. I live but for trifles; the world and its honors I despise unutterably."

"First, prove that you can gain them," she replied, "as I believe you can, and then you may sincerely despise them."

"I detest, I scorn the world," said Cleland, who seemed vexed and disturbed beyond his control.

"There is an order of souls who are 'too proud to be vindictive,' too great to feel contempt; who stoop not to note affronts and count insults with the world; who rise to the clear regions of moral grandeur and dignified virtue; and who, freed from the petty passions of common life, enjoy a glorious rest in the consciousness of honorable toil. What is life but a perpetual struggle between the greatness of the soul and the belittling influences of the world? See you not, that if you yield to littleness, the world has vanquished you? Shall wounded greatness take vengeance on the world by destroying itself? In this earthly strife there is but one way to win the triumph; and that is to be calm under every smart, to be great under the keenest wrongs—ever to preserve your soul in dignity. You contemn the paltriness of the world; can you not rise to the feeling of sympathy for its errings? You speak of hate; can you not feel the more exalting power of love?" and her voice broke upon the word. "But if the gentleness and purity of Henry Cleland is departed, where is his intellectual pride!—where his manliness of heart?"

These words were spoken low, but in a deep tone and a voice that quivered with passion. They were heard by none of the company but myself, and I was asleep; besides I was talking to somebody, by very intelligent somnolent nods. An old fellow like myself was authorized to feel a paternal interest and curiosity in the heart-affairs of the young persons. As a man of honor, I feel no remorse at being a listener; as I communicate such secrets to nobody—but the public; and never make any use of them—except to print them. It was plain that there was a secret history between these young people; and when there is that in the case, I always feel as much curiosity as Mr. D'Israeli himself. My friend seemed to labor with a suppressed emotion, which caused his whole frame to quiver.

"And is it you," he said, "who taunt me with that question, 'Can I feel the power of love?'—Brightest and most admirable of women, hear me! Receive the confession of a soul that hath been destroyed by pride. In those earlier years to which you have so kindly, so graciously alluded, I was permitted to enjoy your friendship. Need I say what was the effect on one infinitely susceptible to every thing that is lovely and excellent!—I loved you, not in heart only, but with my whole nature and all my being. The most splendid aspirations and the noblest resolves attended that passion; for the dwelling-place which love for such a being made its home, must needs become the abode of every thing that is great and pure. Like another aspirant, I was determined to become 'just the greatest and most glorious thing on earth;' that I might be worthy of your regard. How well do I remember the day on which I approached you to pour forth the utterance of my worship! You received me coldly,—with a jest! Perhaps it was accident; perhaps it was but whim; perhaps your usual friendliness seemed frigid to a heart that burned as mine did. That reception wounded and tortured me with dismay and anguish almost to insensibility. I was enraged and maddened through all the depth of my spirit; not at thee,—at myself, at the world, at every thing but thee. My love was of my soul; but my soul was pride. I resolved never again to feel one soft or kind emotion; to harden myself in callous selfishness; to mock at tenderness; to fight against feeling. That I might not seem to be the dupe of any of the hopes of fancy or the heart, I determined to dedicate my life to all that is their opposite. Still, with a dumb unuttered fervor do I love thee; but it is too late. My life is bowed and crooked from its course. I have no cause to think you would do me the infinite honor to feel an interest in my fate; I must sternly perish in my pride."

Miss Keppel fixed her eyes upon him, moist with a half-formed tear; and despite of effort, her bosom heaved with emotion. Never did woman—speaking not with one feature, the lip only, but speaking with every feature,—so plainly say, "I love you."

Cleland seemed to be subdued and transformed in nature by that irresistible gaze. The stern bitterness of his face passed away; the heavy cloud of bad pride seemed to roll off from his character, and its native sunshine to break forth.

"*Might* I yet hope!—*Would* you deign to receive my adoration, were I to fling off these false unworthy feelings, to recover my ancient generosity of sentiment, and do such acts as would make me equal to your esteem? O suffer me but to be your accepted worshipper, and I will be all that you would wish me. Well know I that, of angels and of men, love is, of their eternity and our mortality, the mightiest charm, the most exalting bliss. Will you permit me but to hope?" Her eyes were cast down, and the carmine blush which suffused her face rendered her more beautiful than Aurora. Once she raised her eyes and fixed them on him; then cast them down again, and whispered, "I will."

A month afterward Cleland came to see me. I never saw a man so changed; from that niceness of artificial character which he had before attained to, he was wholly relapsed into a genuine and natural fervor. All his bitterness and sarcasm were gone, and a fountain of genial sympathy and fine philanthropy in their stead. He talked of philosophy, poetry, and golden studies. I was astonished at the change in his parts; for whereas before, his faculties had seemed uncommon but not prodigious, he now showed an impetuous force and fulness of capacity that amazed me. His understanding seemed quite unbounded in its power and extent; I had not conversed long before I found I was speaking to a man of real genius. He had a hundred book-projects in his head; and from the ardor and intelligence which he displayed, I make no doubt that he will do great things in literature. And these changes—for the worse and for the better—to paralyze and to inspire, were wrought merely by the glance of a woman.

To me, who have had a bachelor heart even from my birth, these things are very strange. A beautiful woman is, to be sure, a delightful object to me; a flower whose passing fragrance is charming; a fruit whose generous flavor no taste more delicately can enjoy. But that the favor of a woman, granted or withheld, should change the state and order of our lives, topple Reason from her seat, and fling the reins on the neck of the Passions, to hurry the car whither they will,—somebody must explain this, for I cannot. I have been shy of fine women ever since: for when you are dealing with such an inexplicable piece of fire-arms, there is no knowing whether you may not be blown up at any moment.

Scene in a Circulating Library.

Librarian behind the counter, throwing sheep's eyes on a very pretty widow who is looking over the catalogue.

Lady.—What have you that is new and interesting?

Shopman.—"Bride and no Wife" is new, and the "Marrying Man" is very interesting. If you don't like that, allow me to recommend the "Favorite of Nature" or the "vagabond."

Lady.—I don't think I should like either of those—have you got "Human Frailties" or "Ten Thousand a year?"

Shopman.—Yes, I have the first, but unfortunately, not the second. Wouldn't you like "Flirtation" or "The Devoted?" Have you had the "Capricious Father?"

Lady.—Oh, yes! I've had that and the "Miseries of Marriage."

Shopman.—Here's "Live and Learn," "Thinks I to myself," "A School for Widows."

Lady.—Haven't you got "Manners?"

Shopman.—Keep cool—here's "Match-making," "Love and Pride," "Ruling Passions." I am very sorry I can't suit you. "Very strange but very true." Do you like "My Sister Ann?"

Lady.—I can't say that I do, better than "Blighted Ambition," but I think I will take "Romance and Reality," or if I can't get that, I will make the "Moneyed Man" answer.

Shopman.—You'd better have "Precaution" also.

Lady.—No, I have got enough. Good morning, sir!

And the lady left the "Irving" with a smile on her lips, which seemed a reflection of that of the polite and witty librarian.

Farmers Department.

Dry Husking Cough in Pigs.

A correspondent in Charleston, apprises us of the loss of several Berkshire pigs by a *dry husking cough*, which does not affect their appetite—he seems to think from the circumstance of several of his other pigs having taken the cough also, that it is *contagious*—Having lost several with the same disease, we were under the same impression; but it has been suggested to us, that from the circumstance of the hogs running in a yard, and probably exposed to the alternations of the weather, that the disease takes its origin in a heavy cold, which settling upon their lungs, has given them the dry husking cough which he describes. He says that he has "tried sulphur, charcoal, ley and salt with their food." Now this, it is also intimated by a friend, who has some knowledge of such matters, would have been all very well, provided the pigs have had the advantage of a *dry warm sty*, covered from the weather, but while running in the yard, and of course subject to the influences of the changes of the weather, the administration of sulphur was any thing else than advisable, as from its known tendency to open the pores, it served but to increase the susceptibility of the animals to the effects of the cold, already contracted, and to retard rather than effect its cure.

On the first discovery of the cough, he should have removed them from the yard to a dry, warm pen, provided with an apartment to sleep on, elevated a few inches from the floor, so as to secure them from the dampness incident to feeding. Their sleeping bunk should have been provided, every few days, with fresh straw, hay, shavings or leaves. Added to this, their food should have been of a cooling nature, and after bleeding them from the tail or ears, he should have given them a decoction of garlic, boiled in milk, to be mixed with, say to each, half a gill of flaxseed, sweetened with molasses or honey, in their food, (which should be a soft warm mash made of some kind of meal) three times a day, allowing them also a good supply of fresh water.

This is deemed the proper course of treatment that ought to have been pursued, and we will repeat what we have said in the previous part of this article, that a dry pen and comfortable clean lodging are indispensably necessary to a hog when confined. There is, perhaps, no animal that more delights in rooting in the mud, when at large, neither is there one which instinctively shows a greater desire to seek shelter from the inclemency of the weather, or to repose where they will be protected from its influence through the night. His instinct, should then, teach us, when our interest induces us to curtail him of his liberty, to do that for him which he would do himself, had we not deprived him of the power of action.—*Am. Farmer.*

Stabling Milch Cows.

We have been much surprised, at the increased quantity of milk, cows afford from being stabled in winter, which some recent experiments have proved. A near neighbor suffered his cows, from necessity, to run in the open air, during the early part of the winter, and, as usual, their milk greatly diminished in quantity, although they were well fed on hay, and mangel wurtzel. He then stabled them, without changing their food, and taking care of course to give them plenty of clean litter. He lately informed us, as to the result, that his cows now gave him just double the milk they did when exposed. A similar experiment by the writer, has proven nearly equally successful.—*New Gen. Farmer.*

Broken Wind in Horses.

A great number of dissections have proved that the cause of this disease is a rupture of the air vessels in the lungs. The difficulty of breathing which some persons experience after unusual or prolonged effort, would seem to arise from the same cause, and there is some reason to think that the disease may be hereditary.

Juvenile Department.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Poetic Charades, No. III.

My first is a courser bold and free
That ranges on through immensity,
That careth not for the sea or land,
The mountain rock or the silver strand,
But with glowing hoof and burning eye
Careers along through the azure sky.

My second is hewn from the forest trees,
To strengthen ships on the stormy seas,
To bear them up on the billows wild
That toss them free as a sportive child,—
To hold the deck in the rav'ning wind
That howls as famished wolves behind.

My whole is a something wondrous fair
That flickers soft on the summer air,—
That cheers the captive in lonely cell
For it tells of the scenes he loved so well—
That is ever fresh and ever bright,
Yet is never seen on the fairest night. R. J.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Enigma.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 9, 10, form the name of a kitchen utensil.
My 5, 3, 9, 11, 7, form the name of a troublesome little animal.
My 4, 9, 1, is a state of relaxation for the system.
My 8, 12, 10, is a part of an army.
My 11, 4, 12, is a place of public entertainment.
My 6, 2, 5, form a monosyllable continually in use.
My 7, 2, 8, 2, 2, is always to be found at New Orleans.
My 1, 2, 10, 4, 6, form the name of a coin.
My 8, 11, 2, 10, 3, 12, form the name of a city in Germany.
My whole is the name of a great independent State existing in America.

Charlottesville, Va. P. R. G.

Personal Appearance of Boz.

I think Dickens incomparably the finest-looking man I ever saw. The portrait of him in the Philadelphia edition of his works is a good one; But no picture can do justice to his expression when he is engaged in an interesting conversation. There is something about his eyes at such times which cannot be copied. In person he is perhaps a little above the standing height; but his bearing is noble, and he appears taller than he really is. His figure is very graceful, neither too slight nor too stout. The face is handsome. His complexion is delicate—rather pale generally; but when his feelings are kindled his countenance is overspread with a rich glow. I presume he is somewhat vain of his hair, and he can be pardoned for it too. It reminded me of Sidney's Arcadia: "His fair auburn hair, which he wore in great length, gave him at that time a delightful show." His forehead, a phrenologist would say (especially if he knew his character beforehand,) indicates a clear and beautiful intellect, in which the organs of perception, mirthfulness, ideality and comparison predominate. I should think his nose had once been almost determined to be Roman, but hesitated just long enough to settle into the classic Grecian outline.

But the charm of his person is in his full, soft, beaming eyes, which catch an expression from every passing object; and you can always see wit, half sleeping in ambush around them, when it is not shooting its wonted fires. Dickens has almost made us feel that

"Wit is the pupil of the soul's clear eye,
And in man's world, the only shining star."

And yet I think his conversation, except in perfect *abandon* among his friends, presents but few striking exhibitions of wit. Still there is a rich vein of humor and good feeling in all he says.

Napoleon's Mode of Making Coffee.

The late Emperor Napoleon, who was a great amateur of coffee, of which, however, he made a moderate use, is said to have given instructions to his cook to prepare it in the following way:—For three or four persons, two ounces of recently burnt and ground coffee are put into an empty coffee pot of the ordinary kind, with a small piece of isinglass; this is held over the fire and shaken by the hand so as to prevent the burning of the coffee; when a smoke is seen to issue from the pot, water, at the boiling point, is poured upon it in a sufficient quantity to supply six breakfast cups, in the proportion of one-third of coffee to two-thirds of milk; the coffee-pot is taken from the fire before the water is added, but being heated, the coffee boils gently as the pot is held in the hand; the ebullition is sufficient to bring out all the fine properties of the coffee without carrying off the aroma; a cup is then poured out and returned again to the pot, to allow the powder to precipitate, and in two or three minutes the coffee is perfectly clear, and is used with boiling milk. Some of the best families in Paris now adopt this plan, which is certainly superior to that now in use.

Nine States a Day.

Some gentlemen on board the steamer Diamond, the other day, were conversing about the wonderful powers of steam, the great facilities it had given to travelling, &c. One gentleman remarked that a man might leave New York in the morning and arrive the same night in Baltimore, thus being in five States in one day.

"Only five, is it ye say?" said an Irishman present, "an' its meself who was in nine states on Monday last."

The company were incredulous, and called on Patrick to explain how such a thing could be possible, which he did as follows:—

"Well, ye see gintlemen, I was married in New York on Monday morning last, at 6 o'clock, and went with my dear Bridget to Baltimore the same day, and sure before I got there I was after getting as drunk as a baste, so ye persave I was in the state of New York, the state of Sobriety, the state of Single Blessedness, the state of New Jersey, the state of Connubial Felicity, (that's what ye call matrimony,) the state of Pennsylvania, the state of Delaware, the state of Maryland, and the state of Intoxication, all in one day, and the whole of which was owing to the wonderful powers of steam."

A NEW VOLUME.

January, 1842.

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EDGAR A. POE.

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In compliance with the almost unanimous wish of our lady subscribers, we shall furnish them with a beautiful and correct plate of FASHIONS, and shall also give the style, for gentlemen, which has rendered the work THE TEXT BOOK OF FASHION, the Union over.

GREAT INCREASE OF READING MATTER.

The reputation of the Magazine thus far, would be a sufficient guarantee for the future, but that it may be seen that nothing has been left undone, to maintain every department of the work, and to elevate the literary, as well as the pictorial department, we beg leave to announce that we have not only engaged a host of talented and elegant American writers, but that the amount of reading matter will be greatly increased, so as to make it at least *one fourth*, and possibly *one-third more* than any of the other three dollar magazines, and about the *same amount* as the *five dollar* monthlies usually present.

THE LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

In addition to the old contributors, whose names and articles have given a high celebrity to the Magazine, a number of new ones, it will be perceived, are added, of worth and note, so that we may fairly say that we have

The Strength of American Talent Enlisted in the Work.

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S. W. Whelpley, A. M.
William Duane,
Rufus Dawes,
Charles W. Thompson,
J. H. Dana,
A. A. Irvine.

In addition to this brilliant array of names known to fame, the distinguished services of a host of anonymous writers of no ordinary abilities will give worth and character to the pages of the Magazine. The series of the well known nautical papers entitled "Cruising in the Last War," and "The Reefer of '76," have had a run unequalled by any series published in any Magazine for years. The author promises to open a new series of

TALES OF THE SEA.

And from his known abilities as a depictor of sea scenes and life, much may be relied upon from him in maintaining the popularity of the Magazine. Papers may be expected during the volume also, from the author of the well known articles entitled "The Log of Old Ironside," beside a variety of choice articles in prose and verse, from various writers of celebrity, as Contributors to the prominent Magazines of the country.

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The critical department shall still form a distinctive character of the work, and is under the control of a gentleman of critical acumen and repute long established, and held every where second to none for sagacity, and an honest, fearless independence.

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